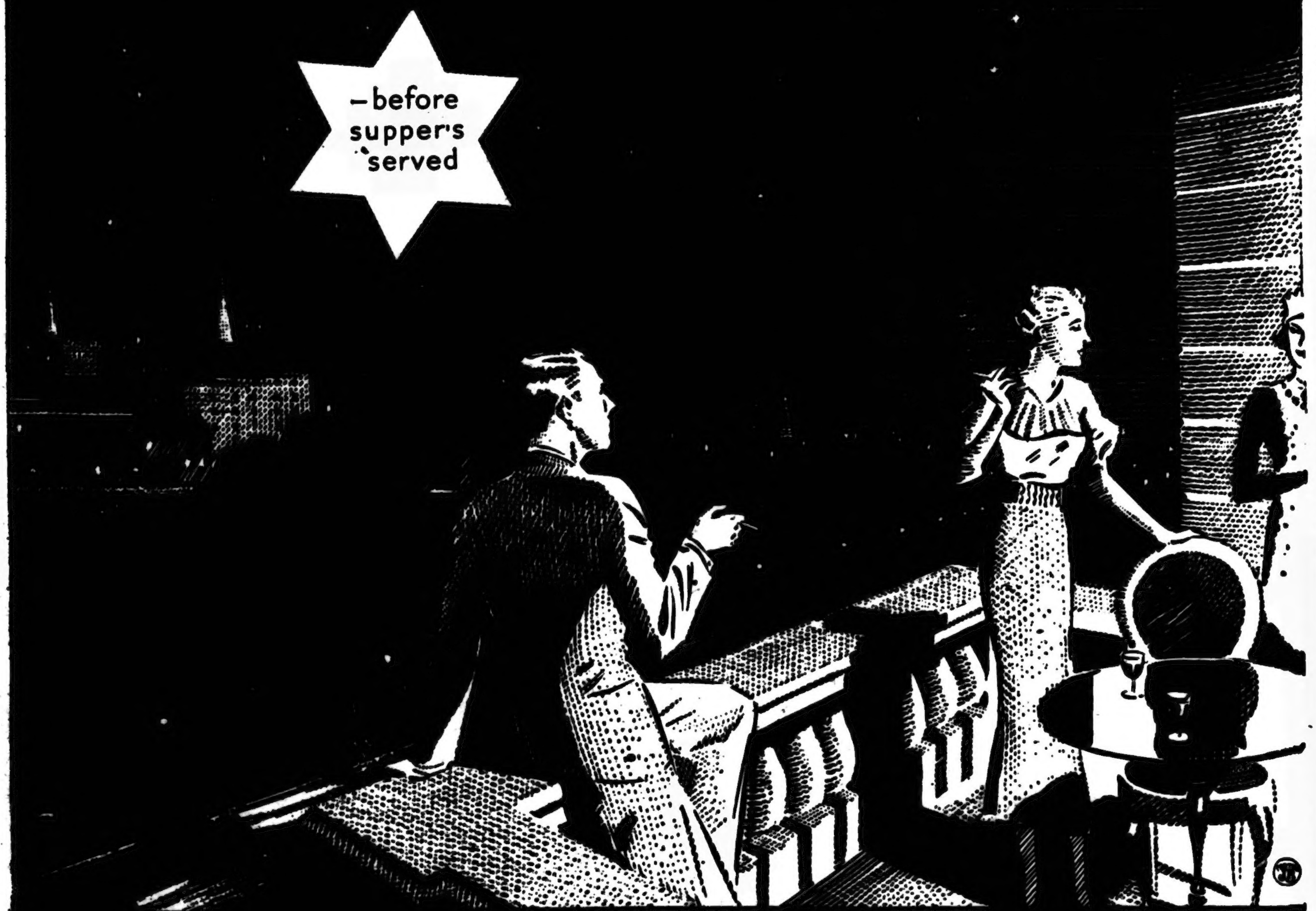
JOHN BULL, JUNE 6, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1564.

30th BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION GIFT FREE FOR EVERY READER SEE CENTRE PAGES.

JOHN BULL

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR A 'STAR'



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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

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Cardinal
POLISH FOR RED TILES

CARDINAL POLISH

RESTORES THE COLOUR TO RED TILES

Red Composition Floors. Front Steps and Concrete Paths.

LARGE TINS 6D & 1/-

Gives a lovely red tone that will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

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Face Values can be Read from the BACKS!

OUR LATEST "MOCKER" PACK—JUST OUT

The backs tell the secret of every card!

While these cards apparently are the same as any ordinary pack of playing cards, the backs are marked by a wonderful system of secret markings that defy detection.

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It is possible to tell every card from the back.

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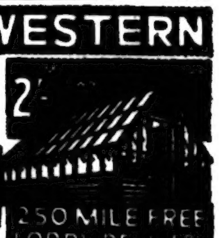

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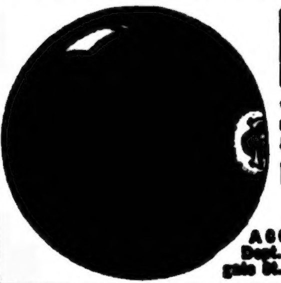

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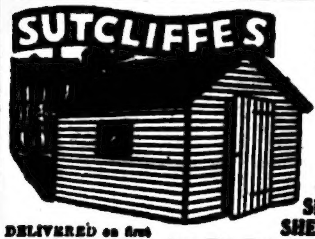

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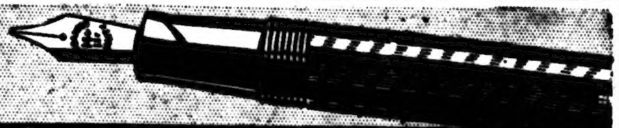

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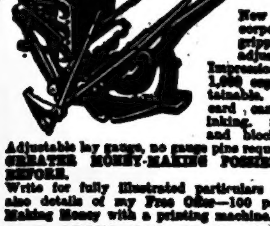

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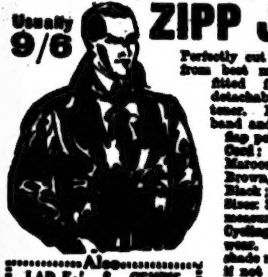

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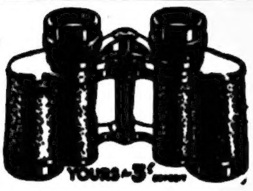

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S24

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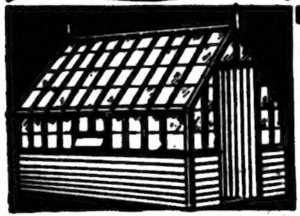

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FULL SIZE

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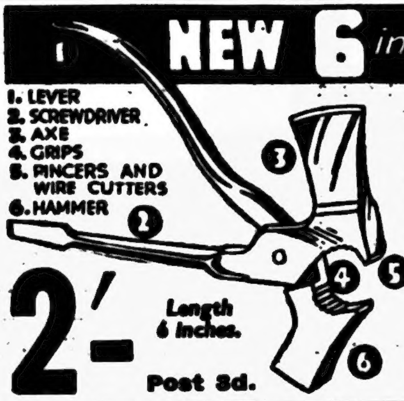

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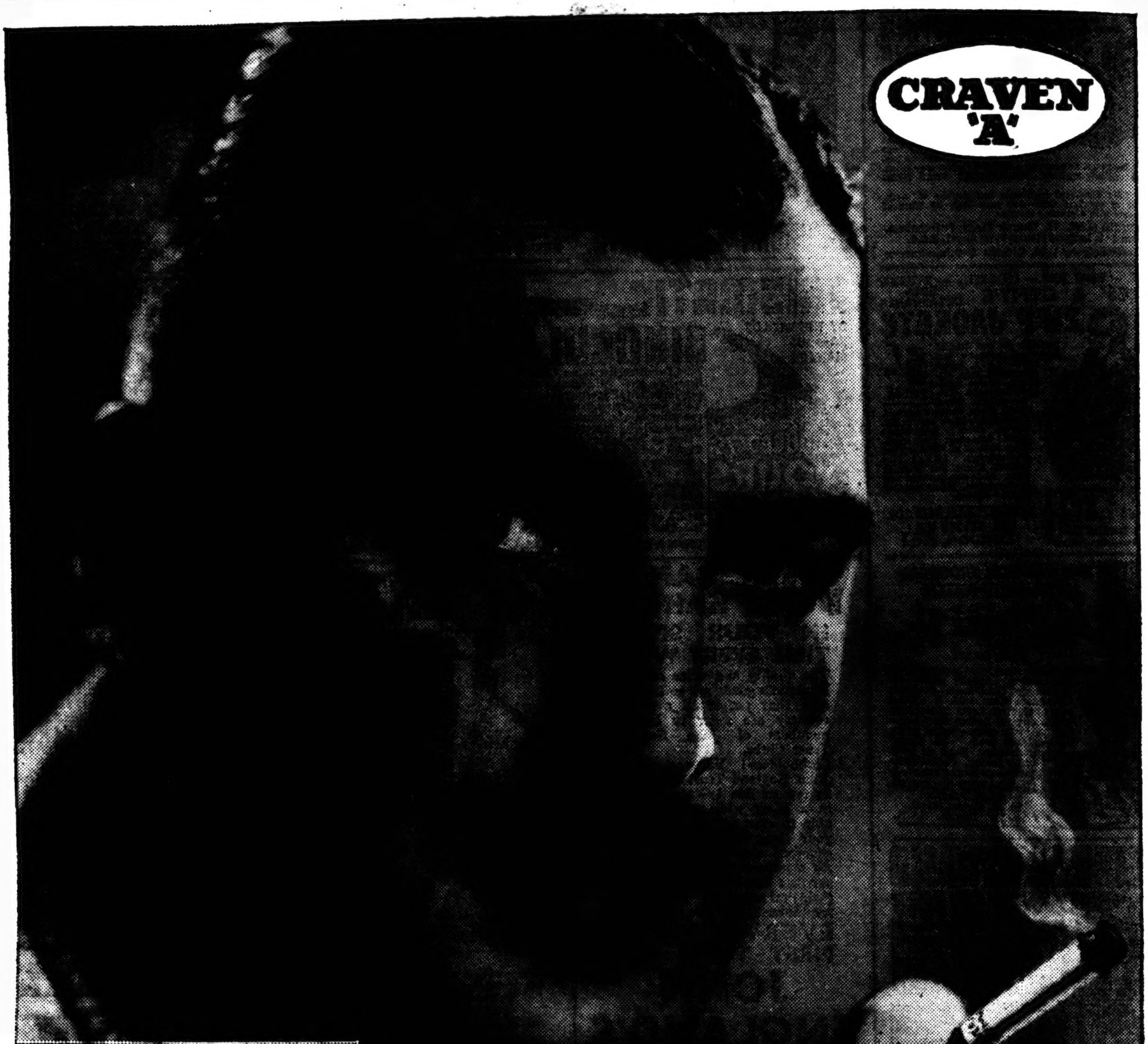

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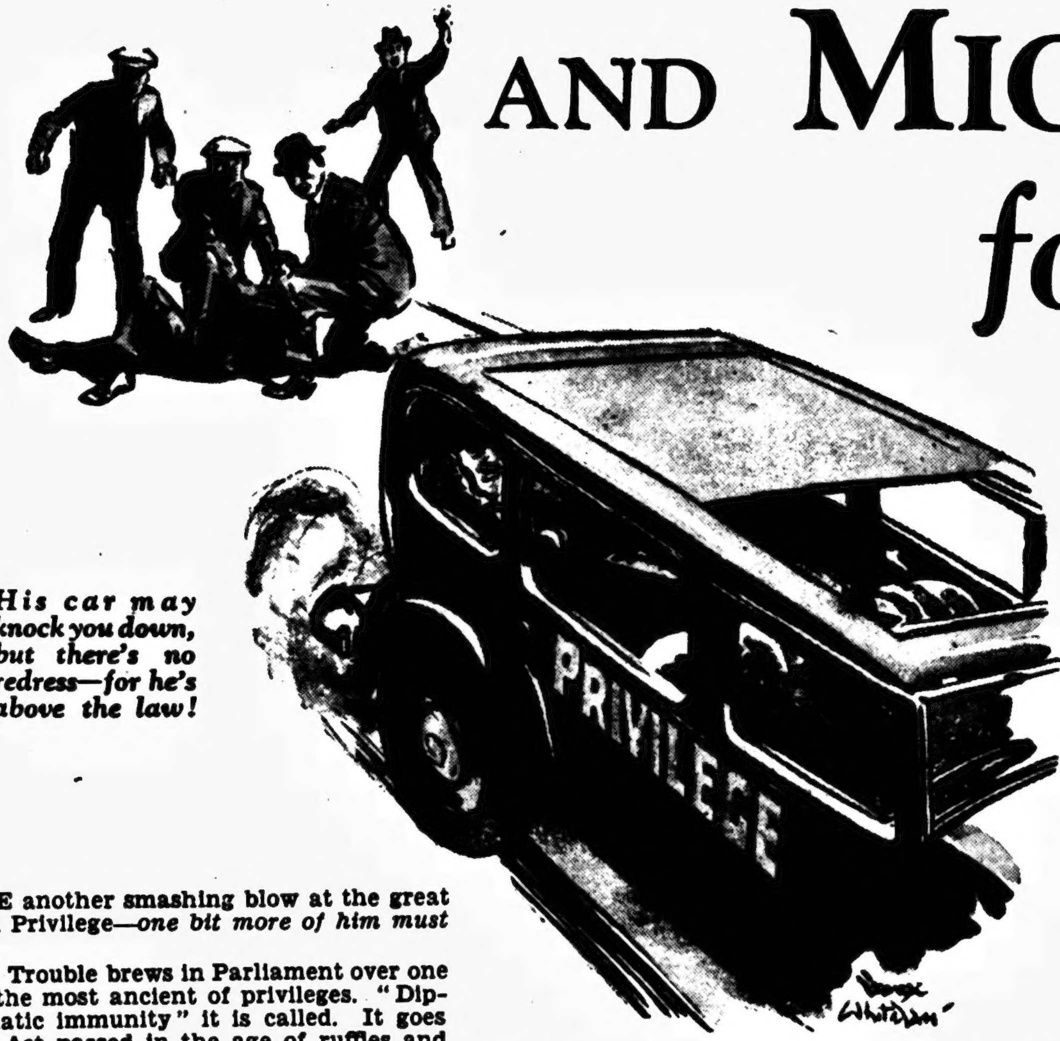


His car may knock you down, but there's no redress—for he's above the law!

STRIKE another smashing blow at the great god Privilege—*one bit more of him must go!*

Trouble brews in Parliament over one of the most ancient of privileges. "Diplomatic immunity" it is called. It goes back to an Act passed in the age of ruffles and lace and the measured dignity of old-time Courts.

It serves no useful purpose to-day—only a dangerous one, as we shall show.

Parliament's concern is the subversive activities of certain members of Continental Embassies in this country—the protection of our realm.

Our concern is the protection of the individual subjects of the realm, since they can be, and have been, victims of "diplomatic immunity," and very helpless ones, too.

☆ ★ ☆

One such victim is Rupert Lambert, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, a professional "strong man" well known to North Country theatre audiences.

One night he leaves the Newcastle Palace Theatre to go to his home—a few minutes after the curtain goes down on a performance he has given for nearly ten years.

Curtain down, too, for Rupert Lambert and his life's work, since behind him as he goes towards his home comes a motor car driven by a Chilean Naval Lieutenant named Romero.

According to the subsequent police evidence, it is careering wildly from side to side of the road and then mounts the pavement and knocks Lambert down.

His injuries include the loss of sight in one eye, a smashed collar-bone, and a skull so badly fractured that it has to be trepanned. Enough, anyway, to end his livelihood as a stage strong man for good and all.

In the police court case it is disclosed that Romero is at the Tyne on his country's business, waiting to take a battleship back to Chile. To relieve the tedium of the wait he had bought a motor car, *although he had no licence and apparently could not drive.*

He is fined £5 and costs for dangerous driving and being without a licence. In the civil action which follows Lambert is awarded £1,000 damages.

And then what happens?

The Chilean pleads "diplomatic immunity" and laughs at the court's verdict. A High Court writ is served upon him. It cannot be executed. The lawyers argue, but they cannot get round this tangled defence of immunity. In the end the ship sails with Romero to Chile.

There are questions in the House of Commons. The Foreign Secretary is driven into taking the matter up with the Chilean Government. The answer is—in undiplomatic language—"If Mr. Lambert comes to Chile at his own expense and has the case retried there before a Chilean jury we will listen. Otherwise—nothing doing."

So because of "diplomatic immunity" Rupert Lambert has lost everything. His savings have gone (£450 went in protracted legal costs and medical expenses); his living has gone (from being a "star" strong man turn he is now little better than a physical wreck).

☆ ★ ☆

He has a wife and three children to look after, and when he cannot eke out a living sponsoring similar turns to his own, his countrymen must keep his family.

Another case, in some respects worse still.... A London man going to his work is knocked down by a car driven by a member of the diplomatic staff of one of the foreign embassies. His ankle is broken and he sustains internal injuries from which he may suffer for life.

The diplomat driver is insured against third-party risks, but in this case it is the insurance company that pleads immunity. "Take what we give you," it says, "and think yourself lucky. If you go into court you will get nothing. Our client is outside the law of this land."

There are at least 400 people who are entitled to diplomatic immunity from all punitive legal processes in this country. They include not only the foreign Ambassadors, secretaries, attachés and so on, and their families, but also the domestic servants of the various embassies and legations.

☆ ★ ☆

The Foreign Office itself, although it is supposed to keep a list, does not, as Mr. Eden recently admitted, know the exact number from day to day.

We quote only two cases above from the many where this strange privilege is exercised to the grievous harm of the ordinary public. But there are plenty of other instances where it is abused in such a way as to bring the whole system into discredit.

A footman at the Mexican Legation is charged with theft from shops. He pleads diplomatic immunity.

A minor official at another legation falls ill and goes into a nursing home. He is treated for months and has all his meals supplied by a neighbouring caterer. When he is cured and well again he refuses to pay a penny to doctors, nurses, nursing home, or tradesmen. He bilks them all by pleading diplomatic immunity.

☆ ★ ☆

For weeks the police have a certain man under observation who is frequenting the vicinity of Hyde Park Corner. In the end he is arrested.

But at the police court his counsel hands up a paper to the magistrate. The man's name is not disclosed. He is a member of a legation. He pleads diplomatic immunity, and is let off with a fine.

It is high time, we say, to modify a privilege which can be abused in such a manner. To be "accredited to the Court of St. James" does not imply freedom to indulge in sabotaging propaganda against this country, to maim its citizens upon the highway and to break the common social and legal codes incumbent on us all.

We hope that Parliament in its wisdom will see fit to restrict the noble privilege of immunity to the chiefs only of the various embassies, to those who, as direct representatives of their countries, can be held responsible against its misuse. It has proof enough for action.

So what about it, M.P.s?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Thirty Years Champion of the People

Still the Undesirables Come!

Gambling Machines Muddle

JOHN BULL is thirty to-day!

Our millions of loyal readers will, we are sure, join in celebrating the occasion. For in those thirty years **JOHN BULL** has always been the champion of the people, the fearless critic of abuses wherever they spring up.

For the people

In 1906 **JOHN BULL** was launched on its career by the historic bill which is reproduced on this page. We adopted as our motto, "For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth."

That is still our first principle. We demand justice for all who are denied it; we reveal facts which the public is entitled to know, but which those in authority often seek to suppress.

We are happy to know that more than a million and a half families to-day set the seal of their approval on this policy.

Why they take notice

Thanks are due to that great army of readers for their loyal and unwavering support, without which we could not have exposed so many evils, brought about so many reforms, and checked the career of so many a menace to society.

The voice of the people speaks through **JOHN BULL**. That is why in every official quarter its words carry so much effect.

Many of the abuses which flourished in the early decades of our history have disappeared, thanks largely to our efforts. But new ones crop up. New times bring new grounds for criticism and frank speaking.

30—still going strong

The vigour with which **JOHN BULL**, at the age of thirty, pursues its mission may be judged by recalling some of our most recent battles on behalf of the public welfare.

Our "Save the Mothers" campaign has at last roused the authorities to the need of saving the lives of mothers in childbirth.

We have added a notable page to British legal history by ending the old scandal of imprisonment for debt.

Forcing their hand

Our exposure of the disgraceful jerry-builders of the New England forced the authorities to action. Largely through our efforts the Government was compelled to tackle the national scandal of the electricity muddle and mess.

We turned the searchlight of our criticism on the B.B.C. in the series of articles entitled "The B.B.C. on Trial," and many of the suggestions we made were incorporated in the report of the Royal Commission on the B.B.C.'s future.

And so it goes on.

Youth is with us

Just as the changing times evoke fresh problems, so the new generation of readers is lending fresh and welcome aid to our efforts.

We are proud to have the assurance that not only do we retain the confidence of our older readers, but that of the young people. The sons follow in their fathers' footsteps, where **JOHN BULL** is concerned.

Typical of many letters we receive is one this week from a Northumberland man, which begins: "Your paper being in my household for thirty years, I expect you can class me as a regular reader. Since my father's death I have still continued to purchase it, and will always do so."

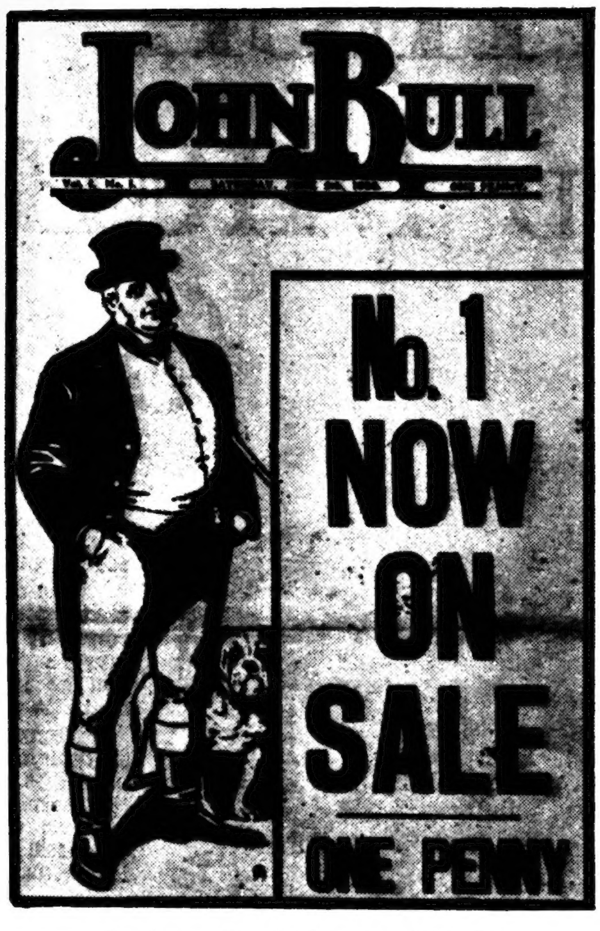
Service to all

For our part, we can assure our readers—old and young—that **JOHN BULL** will continue to remain an independent journal, unhampered by allegiance to any Party or creed, without fear or favour.

Our family insurance, free advice bureau, guaranteed advertisements and other services will continue to be operated for the benefit of all.

And we shall do all in our power to uphold the unique position which **JOHN BULL** has won and to wield its unparalleled influence wisely and courageously.

Many happy returns of the day to all of us!



The historic bill, dated June 9, 1906, that launched "John Bull" on its long career as champion of the people

Olive branch

Welcome the new attempt that's soon coming to make peace between Britain and the Irish Free State.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will make the first move, but the Prime Minister may take a hand later.

It is hoped to get Mr. de Valera to London so that he could discuss outstanding matters with the King.

Paradise for rogues

Far too many undesirable aliens are coming into Britain—secret agents, white slavers, confidence tricksters and share-pushers.

It seems significant that fewer foreigners were turned back in the first three months of this year than in the same period last year.

Is the watch on the ports being relaxed?

Too hungry to eat

There's no reply to a woman speaker's assertion that workless lads transferred from Wales to London are so underfed that they fall ill when given good food and have to be put on invalid diet for a time.

There can't be any reply. The position in the distressed areas is so bad that it can hardly be exaggerated.

Something might be done about it if we took Neville Chamberlain and his colleagues on a tour of Britain's black spots. Who knows?

Panel complaints

Panel doctors get a dose of hot water from the Ministry of Health. They are told they prescribe too much medicine for patients; that they may be heavily fined for this "offence."

In Lancashire, for example, patients get twice as much medicine as in some other districts. Lancashire doctors reply that their patients work in hot cotton mills, with the air full of dust, so that many suffer from bronchitis.

But the explanation, a reasonable one, does not satisfy the Ministry.

Black sheep

We think officialdom would be better occupied in curbing the neglectful panel doctors we've often condemned.

Doctors who are too busy with private patients to bother about panel sufferers fail to visit them even in grave illness.

In comparison, the over-zealous doctor is a paragon of all the medical virtues.

Not much fun

The law might as well toss up to decide whether "fun fairs" are legal or not. Police now ban gaming machines throughout Dorset, which will hit amusement caterers in seaside towns, but other counties have different ideas about them.

This sort of mess wants clearing up. The same laws should hold good in Swanage as well as Southend, for the humble seaside visitor as well as the Park Lane "charity" gambler.

A parent's view

The Duke of Kent, "speaking as a parent," says he cannot understand cruelty to children, and millions of other parents will say "Hear, hear" to that.

They should be as ready to support the Duke's statement that better social conditions, better education would do much to remove this "blemish in the life of the nation," a point of view that **JOHN BULL** has long been expressing.

Dope about drugs

Months ago we gave the first news of the breakdown of the world war against the drug traffic. Well, next month the nations are to meet at Geneva to devise a new plan of campaign.

Amusingly enough, every country is trying to prove that its own situation isn't so bad.

Our Whitehall claims there are only 700 drug takers in Britain—all, without exception, in London. Can you believe it?

Word to husbands

Edinburgh's Lord Provost Gumley gives husbands a nasty pill to swallow. We hope they don't need it.

He says they don't work nearly so hard as the wife who runs the home. He thinks if womenfolk got as much recreation as men there wouldn't be so much rheumatoid arthritis among wives.

Maybe he's right, maybe wrong. But ask yourself if it's fair that a woman's work should never be done?

Not enough

Promise of forty-nine new car parks for London, off the main roads, is not enough. What of the provincial towns where there are no parking places at all?

And there are those seaside resorts which won't let you park on the promenade, but charge you a shilling for the use of a bit of rough ground even if you only want to stay long enough to walk down to the sea and back.

Motoring, either for pleasure or business, demands a lot more facilities than our eighteenth-century councils are willing to provide. Wake them up, Mr. Belisha!

Stranded

"See the Country by Green Line" is a good advertisement for London Transport coaches. The trouble is that though they'll take you to the country all right, they don't always bring you back. A reader who took return tickets from London to Wendover (Bucks) found every coach full when he wanted to return, and, after a long wait, had to go home by train.

We have only to draw attention to this, we hope, for it to be remedied.

Penalty for kindness

Warder Jelly, of Wandsworth Prison, has a grievance. When a hospital patient urgently needed a blood transfusion and he offered his services, the Governor refused permission.

Then he gave the transfusion in his own time, whereupon the Governor punished him by reducing him in rank.

Sir John Simon, Home Secretary, is investigating. He ought to find it an easy matter to settle.

Brown and white

We are sorry for the English girl who married an Indian, went to Calcutta with him, and there found he had another wife. She cannot get the marriage annulled, so her plight is permanent.

And it is not out of disrespect for Indians that we deplore marriages between white and brown. The regret of a British father and mother when their daughter seeks to blend East and West is matched only by the despair of Indian parents when their sons bring home white wives.

Jay walker

Never imitate William Henry Irving, of Tottenham. He loitered on a pedestrian crossing, pleaded at the police court "I couldn't decide which way to go—to Stamford Hill or to Edmonton."

Lucky for him the traffic didn't start him on a much longer journey!

Water on sale

Waterless villages are no new thing. We have been condemning their existence for years. The latest is Epworth, Lincolnshire, where water is being sold from door to door for ½d. a bucket.

The beginning of another drought? Not at all. Many villages have been without water all through the winter.

And until we get a water "grid" throughout the country it will always be "drought" for many of our country people.

Be careful

So now it isn't safe to lock your bicycle and leave it outside when you enter some building to do business. When you come out to unlock it you may be arrested, as Mr. W. H. Phillips was in West Ham.

Presumed to be stealing the bicycle, he was kept at the police station for two hours before being released. And they kept the cycle for several days before returning it without apology.

Vestry Property Trust

In **JOHN BULL** of November 2 last there was published an article under the title, "All in a Big Property Fraud: 7 Plunderers of Park Lane."

Unfortunately, comparisons were made in this article in respect of the Vestry Property Trust, Ltd., of 7, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, and we implied their association with the other concern mentioned in the article, advising our readers to give both a wide berth.

We have had the opportunity of reviewing the whole matter and we now wish to withdraw the implications referred to and hereby tender our apologies to Messrs. Vestry Property Trust, Ltd.

17 JUL 36

Millions are making holiday plans now, but for many more millions there will be no holiday at all — they cannot afford to lose a week's pay

THE GREAT Holiday SCANDAL

by LORD STRABOLGI

Who pleads the case of the nine millions given No Holidays With Pay

OUR English countryside is now looking at its best. By the middle of the summer it will be in its full glory, with the corn beginning to ripen in the fields, the wild flowers blooming, the trees displaying that beautiful green which only our country, in the whole world, possesses.

Millions of us who live in the crowded towns and cities, and so can really appreciate to the full the glories of the countryside, are making our holiday plans now. Some of us think of the purple heather in full bloom on the mountains of Derbyshire, Wales and Scotland; of the lovely silver lakes of Cumberland, dotted with white sails; of the golden sands of the seaside; or the soft, flowing Broads of Norfolk, with their crowds of water-borne happy holiday-makers.

But for millions more there will be no holiday this year in the real sense of the word.

A crowded week-end at the beginning of August, with every lodging packed out and travel a torment is their lot, and that is no rest for the jaded mother of a family, or the work-weary wage-earner.

When I mentioned this great human problem at a big public meeting I addressed recently at a by-election—though it is not really a matter of party politics—a middle-aged working woman shyly approached me after the meeting. Her eyes were very tired, and her face deeply lined with the marks of fatigue.

She said she wanted to thank me from the bottom of her heart for speaking about the need of holidays for all, and told me how for years she had longed to be able to go away, even if for only a few days, with her children.

She was born in the country; and yet for the last twenty years she had not slept a single night out of a town.

Out of the question

THERE are hundreds of thousands like her. These people have been serving others all their lives, and it is time they had a little pleasure for themselves.

For an actual majority of the weekly wage-earners a real holiday is still out of the question, because it means losing a week's or a fortnight's pay, and they simply cannot afford it.

We can divide the working population of our country into three great groups, the lucky ones who get an annual holiday with pay, the unlucky ones who have prolonged and unwilling holidays " on the dole " through unemployment, and those, a very large section, who never get a holiday in the proper sense of the word.

I know women who have struggled hard for years to keep house and bring up a family, but who have never had a holiday of any sort since they were married.

In many cases the children are more fortunate; school outings are arranged for them, there are camps by the sea or in the country for the older lads, or the daughters can get away with the Girl Guides.

But their unfortunate parents never have the chance of a family holiday.

Their neighbours, not better off financially, the husbands not doing work of more importance than theirs, but simply because they happen to be in certain industries and employment where an annual holiday with pay is recognised, can make their plans ahead with certainty, and know that the health-giving, joy-giving week or fortnight by the sea or in the hills is theirs at the best and most enjoyable time of the year.

It is one of the most extraordinary anomalies of our time that there should be this difference in the conditions of different categories of manual wage-earners. It is not sound, and it is not wholesome. It leads to discontent.

We have what is called a surplus of workers at the present time. By encouraging all to take an annual spell off in the summer, some, at any rate, of the chronically unemployed would have the chance of a temporary job; but it is the unfairness of the whole system which is so disgusting to anyone with a sense of justice.

Let us look at the actual situation to-day.

As the result of a custom that has grown up in recent years, and a very good custom it is, it may be stated broadly that nearly all workers on office staffs, clerks and shop assistants in permanent employment, are recognised as entitled to an annual holiday, and their salary continues.

The office typist gets her fortnight as a matter of course; but her mother, who may be an office-cleaner, or working in a jam factory, or in a laundry, gets no holiday at all except the ordinary Bank Holidays; and, in many cases, if she tries to get away she not only loses her pay but risks losing her job as well. The office janitor gets a holiday with pay, but not the office " char."

Here is a class difference between the so-called black-coated workers and the others.

Now the manual workers in Government service, as the result of reforms in recent years, are treated just like the staffs in private employment or the bank clerks.

All-round benefit

ALL the workers, whatever their position or whatever the weekly wage they earn, in the Royal Dockyards, Woolwich Arsenal, the Army clothing factories, the Post Office factories and, in fact, in the service of the State generally (including the postmen and the policemen) get their paid holidays as a right.

To their credit the local authorities have followed the Government example, and their employees, whether typists or dustmen, get twelve days a year with pay. All those employed in the municipal trams and 'buses throughout the country get eight days a year with pay.

Practically the whole of the transport workers in permanent employment under private firms, by agreement between the unions concerned and the employers, get an annual holiday of between six and twelve days every year with pay.

In certain private trades this splendid reform has been brought about by agreement and custom. Nobody is any the worse, and, indeed, everyone is much the better.

This applies to big industries, like those engaged in the manufacture of chemicals and paint, and printing in all its branches; and to a number of smaller industries as well.

Of the insured workers alone (as recently disclosed by the Ministry of Health) only one in six gets a holiday with full pay.

And as there are about ten and a half million insured workers, this means that about nine million breadwinners (or, counting an average of four to a family, 36,000,000 men, women and children) can only take a holiday at their own expense, or go without.

The majority of employers are not to blame. In many important trades as, for example, dressmaking and garment-making in all its branches, the employers' associations have agreed together that an annual holiday with pay should be granted. But they cannot bind the individual firms.

Suppose two companies employing some hundreds of workpeople are in fierce competition. One company, which we will call Company A, decides that it is right and just for all its employees to have a week's holiday with pay each year. With the two week-ends this means nine days. This is a direct on-cost to the company's overheads. It means that it is paying for a week's work which is not performed; but its rent, taxes and other overhead charges go on just the same.

Its rival, firm B., saves this, and is that much to the good, and can either cut prices, spend more on advertising or pay out more in dividends.

The remedy is Parliamentary legislation. Just as the four statutory Bank Holidays are fixed by Act of Parliament, so it could be made compulsory on all employers to give all their permanent workpeople this concession.

The trades and industries I have cited have granted this great boon because of the bargaining strength of the trade unions and also because the principals of these industries are so closely knitted together in their associations that all the employers had to come into line.

Other industries are not so well organised, or the trade unions are not so strong; and yet why should the individual workmen suffer.

Others get it

THIS principle of a paid annual holiday has once been accepted by Parliament. In 1929 a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons making an annual holiday with pay compulsory for all employed workpeople. It passed second reading; but the Government Whips could not find more time for it in the legislative programme, and the Bill lapsed. It could be passed this year.

The argument may be used that our industrial rivals abroad might have an advantage over us if we brought about this reform universally, and for that reason it would be a great boon to humanity generally if there could be international agreement on this subject.

As a matter of fact a number of important countries do this already, including Brazil, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Poland and some smaller States.

Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland are heavily industrialised countries, in some cases competing with us in the world's markets in certain products; and yet I have never heard that they have suffered unduly by this wise reform.

But there is another side to this argument. Greater efficiency would be one result. It is a splendid tonic for everyone to get away from the turmoil and dust of a great city into the fresh air and peace of the countryside or seaside. They return to work happier and more vigorous; and another result would be the spending of money with great advantage to the holiday resorts.

Then think what we should save in better health; for illness is a costly business, and if people's health breaks down—as it surely will if they never get proper rest and change of air—it costs much more to put them right than to let them have a holiday.

I believe that this reform, which should be universal, would do more for the happiness of everyone than all the Acts of Parliament we have passed for the last ten years put together.

How NEAR are

THE war clouds continue to thicken, threatening Europe—and us with catastrophe.

Italy, Germany, Japan—each alarms the world with their militaristic ambitions.

What is the truth about this triple threat to Peace? And can the final disaster be averted?

The answers to these vital questions will be found in the series of articles we begin to-day, starting with the revelation of Mussolini's designs to create a new Roman Empire largely at the expense of Britain.

The Road to War.—Mussolini dreams that his Fascist armies will soon march to the reconquest of the "lost provinces of Rome"

by W. N. EWER

(the Authority on Foreign Affairs)

"IMPERATORE! Imperatore! Imperatore!"

The cries of the "mafficking" Roman crowd, cheering their new-made Emperor, are a danger signal to Britain and to the rest of the world.

Because they were not really cheering pathetic Victor Emmanuel. They were not cheering for the Emperor as a person. They were cheering for the Empire, for the new Roman Empire.

When Mussolini decreed that his king should become an emperor, that his king's dominions should become an empire, he was announcing a programme.

It is a programme of expansion: a programme of war.

"Imperialism is the immutable law of life. It is the need, the desire and the will to expansion which every individual and every live and vital people possess." That is Mussolini himself.

"We dream," he said years ago, "of a Roman Italy, disciplined and Imperial." Now he has announced to the world that the dream has become a fact: that Fascist Italy is Imperial: and that Imperialism means expansion.

And that expansion means war.

Fascist Italy has no scruples about war. By word and deed Mussolini has announced that too. Listen to his words:

His philosophy

"It is blood which gives movement to the wheels of history."

"I shout loudly, with unrestrained voice, a fearful and fascinating word, 'War!'"

"Fascism believes neither in the possibility nor in the value of perpetual peace."

"War alone puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples which have courage to face it."

"We must be prepared for war not only to-morrow but to-day. We are becoming a military nation. I am not afraid to add—a militarist nation."

That is the philosophy of the man. In the past twelve months he has shown that it is not merely a philosophy of words, but of deeds.

Ten years ago he decreed that April 21st, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome, should be Colonial Day.

"Its meaning," said an inspired article, "must be haughtily declared to other nations. They must learn that Italy will not make war in any dilettante spirit, but that she is ready to make it to fulfil her colonial aspirations."

The first step

Nobody took that sort of thing over-seriously. Those were the days when it was fashionable to admire Mussolini and to flatter Italian Fascism.

Only last year was it suddenly realised that Fascist threats and boasts were real, that Fascist Italy was determined to expand, and to make war in order to conquer an empire.

Now the empire is proclaimed. The programme of conquest is avowed. The first step has been taken.

But Abyssinia is only the first step. Dreams of a revived Roman Empire are not to be satisfied by annexation of an inhospitable mountainous country in Africa.

Inflated by unexpectedly easy victory, excited by the belief that no other Great Power, and therefore not the League, will, in the last resort, fight to restrain Italian expansion, Mussolini is planning nothing less than the rebuilding of the old Roman Empire

He is not thinking of conquering England and France, like Caesar. But his aims are ambitious and megalomaniac enough to start a dozen wars.

The new Roman Empire—the Empire whose "foundation by Benito Mussolini" was proclaimed last month—is to be supreme over all South-Eastern Europe, over Western Asia, over Northern Africa, over all the Eastern Mediterranean.

That, Mussolini firmly believes, is the destiny of the new Rome. And he has taught thousands upon thousands to believe it.

It is the tremendous vision of a madman: of a madman who is armed.

To build that new empire Mussolini must conquer the Balkan countries or force them to accept his overlordship: he must conquer Turkey: he must push Britain out of Palestine and Egypt and Cyprus and Malta: he must push France out of Tunis: he must keep Germany out of the Danube countries: he must keep Russia away from the Straits of Constantinople.

It is a madman's scheme: the project of a brain turned by brooding on the might of Ancient Rome, on the achievements of Caesar and Napoleon.

To Mussolini the plan does not seem fantastic. He has persuaded himself, as he has persuaded half the Italian people, that Italy is now the strongest, the most virile, the most martial, of all the nations of Europe; that France and England are decadent; that the Germans are only "flat-footed" barbarians; above all, that destiny is on the side of the New Empire.

There is the danger: not that he will succeed in these vast ambitions, but that he will try, and, in trying, set the world on fire.

Stern discipline

He has, indeed, already begun. While his troops are busy in Abyssinia, his diplomatists and his propagandists have started their offensive elsewhere. Quietly, and while the world was thinking of other things, the conquest of the East has been planned and prepared in Rome.

All over the Levant, Italian propaganda has been, and is, feverishly afoot; in Tunis, in Egypt, in Palestine, in Syria, in Turkey, and farther afield, in Arabia, in Afghanistan, even in India itself.

In Egypt there are 70,000 Italians. In Tunis there are something like 100,000—as many as there are French. And they are organised on the Fascist model; organised and disciplined and drilled: everything but armed. If arms could be smuggled in, a Fascist rising in Egypt or in Tunis would be a formidable business enough.

In Egypt, any anti-British politician can be sure of Italian sympathy, Italian encouragement, Italian money.

In Palestine, Arab discontent is being carefully and constantly fomented. And everywhere the idea is spread that one day Italy will help to free the East from the domination of the British and the French and the Jews.

Dangerous talk

Already, the propagandists say, the British and the French are afraid. That is why they did not dare stop the Abyssinian war. Had they dared to try seriously, the Italian air force would have blown Malta and the British fleet to pieces; the Fascist armies marching from Libya would have chased the British from Egypt.

And one day, say the propagandists, that is going to happen. Just wait until Abyssinia is "civilised": until there is an Italian Abyssinian army: half a million or so first-class fighting men, well equipped, led by heroic Fascist officers, ready for anything. Then let the effete British look to the Sudan, to Kenya, to Egypt, to Palestine.

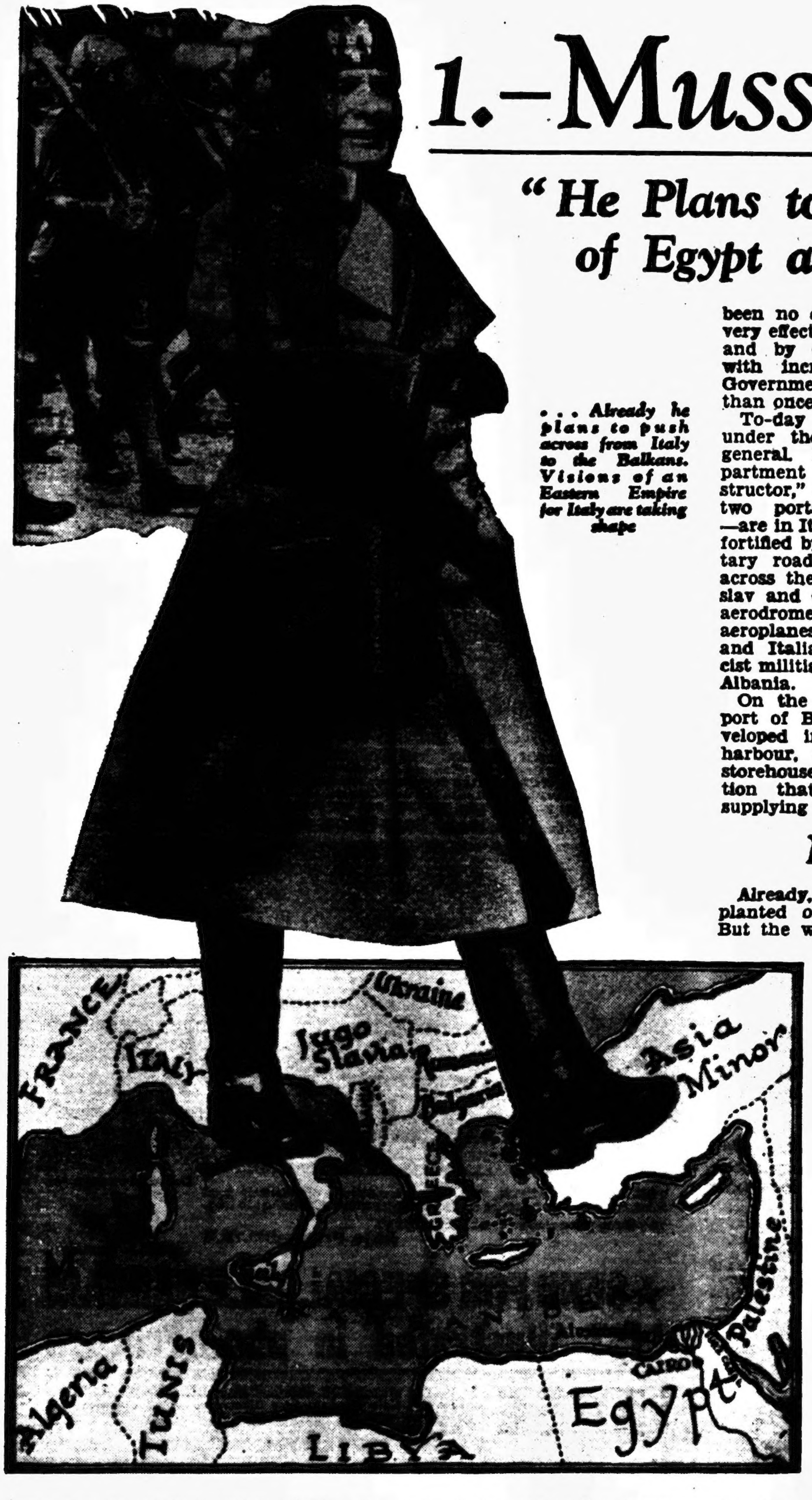
That is the talk which is being spread ceaselessly around the bazaars of the East; it is dangerous talk.

Mussolini has no intention of suddenly making war on Britain or of invading Egypt from Libya. His plan in these parts is sapping and mining. He believes the "decadent" British Empire is bound to fall to pieces, and that in the Near East Italy is its destined heir. And his idea is to do all he can, without war,

WE to WAR?

1.—Mussolini

"He Plans to Push Us Out of Egypt and Palestine"



. . . Already he plans to push across from Italy to the Balkans. Visions of an Eastern Empire for Italy are taking shape

to hasten the disintegration which he regards as certain.

But it is a terribly dangerous game that he is playing.

The game that he is playing in Europe is even more dangerous, even more full of possibilities of war.

The Roman road to empire in the East lay straight across the Balkans. It was at Durazzo that the Legions first landed in 300 B.C. It is along the same path that one day—one not far distant day—Mussolini dreams that the Fascist armies will march to the reconquest of the "lost provinces of Rome."

Already he has secured the "bridgehead." The way into the Balkans is open.

The little state of Albania, only fifty miles across the water from Italy, was given its independence in 1913. To-day it is virtually an Italian protectorate. There has been no conquest by arms; but a very effective conquest by diplomacy and by economic pressure. And with incredible blindness British Governments in the past have more than once helped on the work.

To-day the Albanian army is under the control of an Italian general. In every Government department there is an Italian "instructor," who controls policy. The two ports—Durazzo and Valona—are in Italian hands and are being fortified by Italy. From them military roads built by Italians run across the mountains to the Jugoslav and Greek frontiers. Italian aerodromes are ready for Italian aeroplanes. Three hundred thousand Italian colonists—mostly Fascist militiamen—are to be settled in Albania.

On the Italian side the ancient port of Bari is being rapidly developed into a first-class modern harbour, with great wharves and storehouses and all the accommodation that would be needed for supplying an army of the Balkans.

In a vice

Already, then, Italy has her feet planted on the Balkan peninsula. But the way to further advance is barred by Jugoslavia.

That is why Mussolini is pushing into the Danube basin. He is not in the least concerned to "defend the liberty of Austria" against Germany. He is on the Danube in order to turn the flank of the Balkans. With Albania in his hands, with his fleet in control of the Mediterranean, with Austria and Hungary as his faithful allies—or vassals—he has all Western Jugoslavia caught in a vice.

And to-day he has Austria and Hungary as vassal-allies. It is not Schuschnigg who rules in Vienna: it is Mussolini. It was Mussolini who ordered, through his private agent Moreale, the attack on Socialist Vienna in 1934: it was Mussolini who paid the Heimwehr so long as they were useful and then had them disbanded: it was Mussolini who ordered the Austrian Government to break the Treaty of St. Germain and reintroduce conscription.

Over Hungary his hold is not so complete: but it is complete enough. In all foreign affairs Budapest takes his orders.

So with Austria and Hungary as allies on his left flank, with Albania as his advance base, Mussolini is all set for a Jugoslav war. And behind the Jugoslavs lies Bulgaria, whose king is married to an Italian princess.

Inside Jugoslavia itself the usual Italian activities go on. On the west the separatist movement in Croatia is actively supported. The chief organiser of the terrorist organisation which assassinated King Alexander is in Italy. In the East the Macedonian revolutionaries get "aid and comfort" from Italian sources. In the south, there is "Albanian" propaganda in the Kossovo district.

The staging of a quarrel in the Balkans is never too difficult. A prepared and deliberate invasion of Jugoslavia would be too crude. But a Jugoslav-Albanian quarrel could be easily arranged. The frontiers and the security of Albania could be declared in jeopardy. An assassination or so could be provided for, or a border brawl.

And then Italy would be "compelled" to act "in defence of Albanian independence," which England and France once foolishly declared to be her especial concern.

Tanks and gas

Then—"Italian munitions versus Balkan courage"; with the odds, as they must be these days, on the munitions. The Jugoslavs are gallant enough soldiers; far better fighters under old conditions than the Italians. But Italy has the tanks and the 'planes and the poison gas.

Rightly or wrongly, they reckon in Rome that they could break the Jugoslav resistance without difficulty; that Rumania would not dare move for fear of Bulgaria and Hungary; that Greece would not dare move for fear of the Italian fleet; that within a few weeks the Fascist flag would be flying within fifty miles of Salonika and the Aegean Sea.

And that from then on Italy would be mistress of the Balkans and the Aegean, able to dictate her will to all the Balkan States; ready in position for the next step to the conquest of the East.

It may be that the calculation is all wrong. That does not matter. The important thing is that it *is* the calculation in Rome.

He will try

Italian Imperialism is dreaming of an Eastern Empire: it believes that the road to that empire lies through Albania and the Balkans: that the "victorious armies of Fascism" can break that road open when they will: and that at the end of it lies dominion over Turkey and Syria, Palestine and Egypt, until all the lands of the Levant are once again under the sway of Imperial Rome.

Unless he is deterred, unless he is compelled to realise the dream is only a dream, Mussolini will one day try to make it come true.

That is the real meaning of that chant of the Roman crowd. "Imperatore, Imperatore, Imperatore." It brings a new threat of war to Europe.

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Japan's World War Dream

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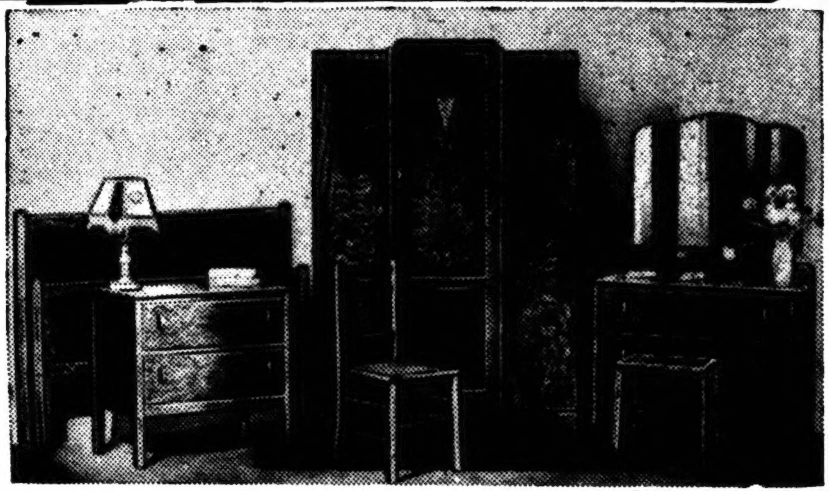

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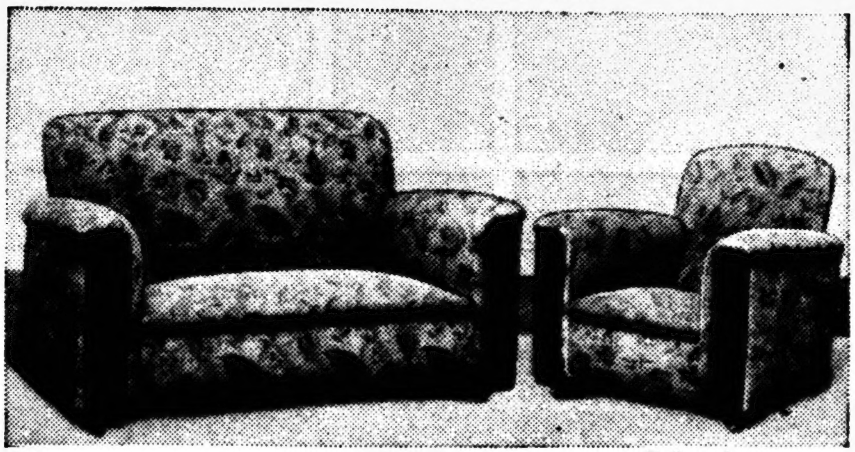

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JOHN DRINKWATER'S Intimate Diary

The King this Week

WHY HE FLIES

His Majesty stepping from his private aeroplane

I HEAR that the King's decision to fly from Fort Belvedere to Southampton, for his final inspection of the *Queen Mary* before her maiden Atlantic voyage, was prompted by a good deal more than personal convenience.

Immediately after his father's death the King made a flight when State affairs were pressing. It was freely said that, on account of his new responsibilities, it would be the last that he would undertake.

As King, it was argued, he would for prudential reasons give up his favourite method of travelling. Moreover, it was suggested that no one would be found eager to act as his pilot.

Rumour was speaking without the King, and, it may be added, without Flight-Lieutenant Fielden, his chief pilot before the accession and since.

* * *

His Majesty for a time was impressed by these difficulties, and decided that he would travel by air only in great emergency. Then the situation began to take on an unforeseen aspect.

The example of the King, a confirmed airman, in abandoning flight gave rise to a general uneasiness as to the security of public air services. Popular feeling in these things is controlled by instinct rather than logic. It was an unreasonable and unreasoning attitude, as the King realised when he heard of it, but he recognised also that it was a menace to one of the most important enterprises of his age, and that it must be remedied.

* * *

The visit to Southampton provided just the chance the King wanted.

There was no urgent necessity that he should fly, and if he flew it could only mean that he wished deliberately to demonstrate his confidence in the aeroplane as a means of travel. After consultation on the day with his pilot as to conditions he made the flight, and there can be no further misgivings as to his personal views on the matter.

I am told that in fact the King greatly enjoyed being in the air again, taking the controls during part of the journey and flying the machine himself.

He is not only a fully qualified but an expert and extremely careful pilot. When he was learning to fly he spent many hours each week at a London aerodrome merely taking off and landing until his touch on the controls was perfect. He may in these days deny himself these more delicate satisfactions of airmanship, but his Southampton flight has shown once and for all that he believes in the air, even for a King.

* * *

While flying low above the *Queen Mary* before landing, the King was busy taking photographs of the great ship. Not the least part of a charm that is famous the world over is that he is never bored by or indifferent to such casual pleasures. He has enthusiasm, and shows it in everything he does, whether it be ruling an empire or setting a bulb properly in the soil.

An Austrian friend, who is a celebrated photographer, tells me that he spent some time in explaining the intricacies of a small camera to the King when, as Prince of Wales, he was in Kitzbuhel, and that he had to do it as thoroughly as though good photography were a necessary qualification for a throne.

* * *

The other evening at a private party the King displayed another of these enthusiasms, and a more serious one. Two Viennese musicians were entertaining the guests. After their performance the King talked to them in German with a well-assumed Viennese accent.

He has a natural aptitude for languages, and never fails to turn it to practical account. When he visited South America he delighted his hosts on a public occasion by delivering a speech in Spanish. It sounded simple and natural enough, but it had entailed weeks of intensive study.

Shelley said that "obedience" was the bane of all genius, making slaves of men. Carlyle, on the other hand, said that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains, or something like that. It must be admitted that, by these tests, the King has it both ways. Obedience in Shelley's unworthy sense he certainly owes to nobody, and with him thoroughness is a habit.

* * *

Rumour is an ingenious if lying jade. The Crown officials, in the ordinary course of routine, have recently completed a valuation of Buckingham Palace and "all that desirable messuage." Three million pounds was the figure.

Whereupon the knowing ones had it that the house purchased by George III from the Duke of Buckingham in 1762 was no longer to be used as a royal residence, and was to go on the market. Which only shows the folly of such terms as "I learn on the best authority."

Nevertheless, I learn on the best authority that the King will move into Buckingham Palace in the autumn, when the Queen has completed her own removal to Marlborough House, the home of her early married life.

For the time being the King, while he conducts his daily business at the Palace, sleeps at York House when he is unable to get down to Fort Belvedere for the night. Already he is furnishing his new quarters to his own taste, with one exception. King George's workroom, on the first floor, is to remain as it was. Even the late Sovereign's chair is used daily by the new.

* * *

In a dozen ways the idiom of Court life is being adjusted to the new King's personality; in a dozen others the old traditions are being preserved.

His Majesty has an infallible instinct for knowing which should be which. He walks in the streets, he dials his own telephone calls, he dresses for civilised comfort when it pleases him in defiance of custom. But his father's room is not to be refashioned by a younger mode.

That is the true sensibility. And it found moving expression this week on the Queen's birthday, not, it might have seemed, an easy day this year for anyone in the royal family.

But the King made it easy. He was the first in the morning to greet his mother, and he took to her "a flower of such remembrance" as she had for many a year been used to receive from another hand. He arranged that her own kinsfolk should meet to wish her well as of old. In the shadow of an immeasurable loss, he contrived that on her sixty-ninth birthday the loss should lie as lightly as possible on a lady who still counts his devoted subjects as her own.

* * *

The other morning I saw the King in uniform, driving back to the Palace from an official function. Traffic across the park was held up for the royal car, which glided by in an almost phantom stillness. The route had not been publicly scheduled, and the few people who found themselves on it as the King passed respectfully raised their hats or dropped a tentative curtsy, since it is embarrassing to cheer by yourself. It was all very quiet and friendly, rather like a scene out of Hans Andersen.

And then a day or two later I saw the King driving again, this time in Piccadilly, but in very different circumstances.

His car this time bore the ordinary licence numbers, and claimed no right of way. It was held up in a block; at the head of a queue as it happened. The policeman on point duty, working out his tangle, noticed nothing until he signalled the King's car to go on. Then I think he saw who it was who had been waiting on his white sleeve.

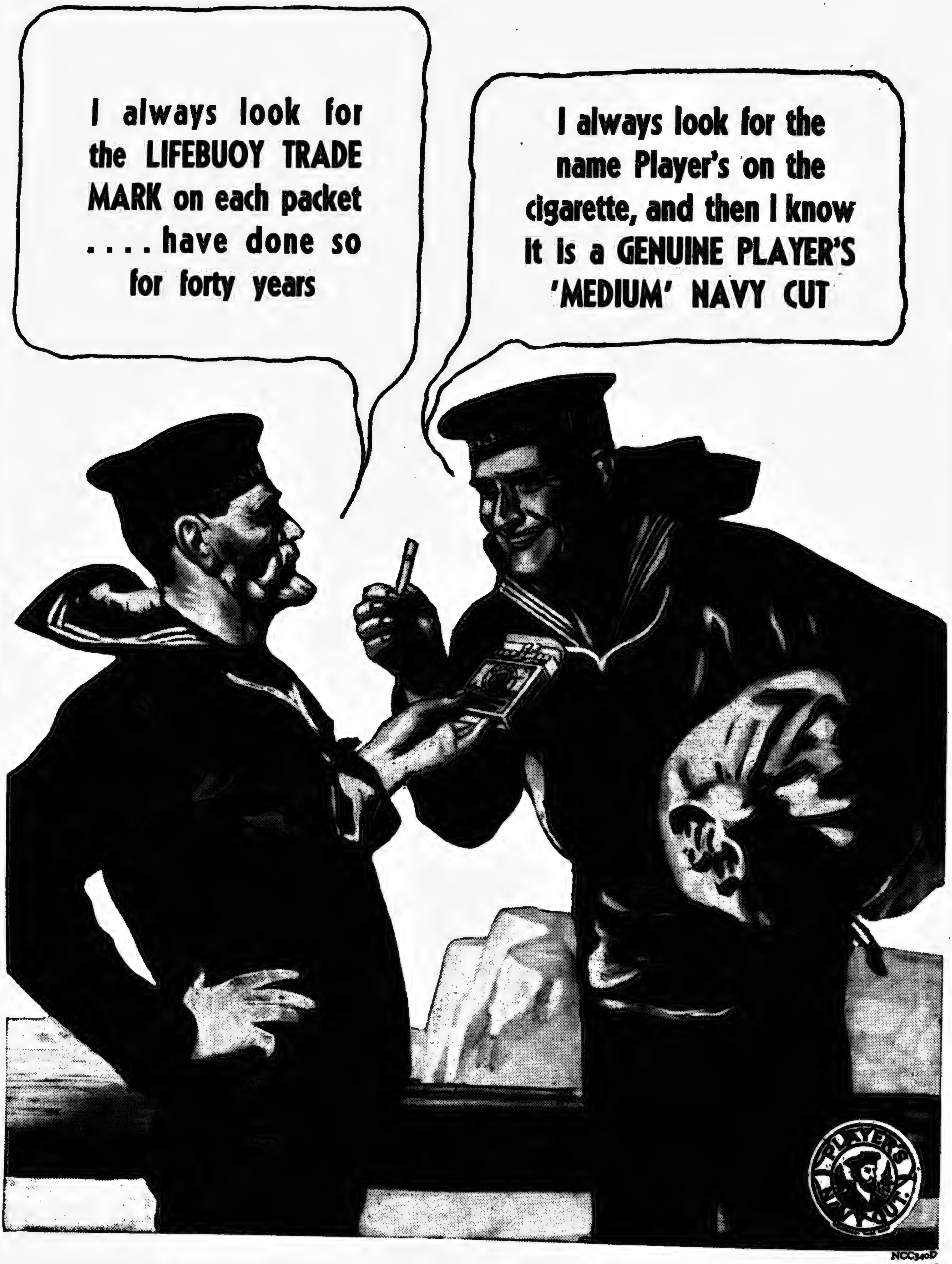
* * *

I wish that a little more care could sometimes be taken about published photographs of the King.

The scrupulous loyalty with which his movements are reported in journals of every political colour is a marvel of high-speed and well-mannered accuracy. But now and again a photograph appears which, obviously taken in unfavourable conditions, can give pleasure to nobody. We all know what queer tricks the camera can play, but it should not be allowed to play them on a King whose attractive appearance is a national asset.

The King's looks in these days, indeed, present a profoundly interesting study in character. His face preserves an extraordinary youthfulness, but in the eyes, at once practical and visionary, a deep sense of wise and fearless responsibility asserts itself.

In his early prime the King looks what he is; a man as energetically in love with life as the fittest of his subjects, and as well equipped in its problems as the most experienced of them.


I always look for the LIFEBUOY TRADE MARK on each packet .... have done so for forty years
I always look for the name Player's on the cigarette, and then I know it is a GENUINE PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Cut the Cackle, Mr. Brown!

Bishop's Bad Religion—Duchess Who Wants Child Labour—Novelists with the Muck Rake

DEAR MR. ERNEST BROWN,—I shall have to call you the Wait-and-See Minister of Labour.

I don't know how many times you've postponed the issue of the new unemployment assistance regulations. There have been so many that even you must have lost count.

What I *do* know is that the interminable delay is making us suspect you and your Cabinet colleagues of being afraid to face the music.

Time after time since February of last year, when Mr. Oliver Stanley's proposed regulations were blown to bits in a storm of public contempt, you have led us to believe that new allowances would soon be laid down.

They were promised by last Spring. Then by the summer, then autumn. Now we are told they will be ready after the Whitsun recess. Then, I suppose, you will ask us to wait until Christmas, for you seem to conjure nothing out of your hat.

In a way, I can understand your hesitation. You wouldn't be human if you did not remember how Mr. Oliver Stanley's attempt to solve the problem brought about his downfall. No one can blame you, who succeeded him, if you ask yourself, "Shall I, too, be sacrificed as a sop to the public?"

* * *

If a Westminster whisper can be believed, you are still haggling with the Unemployment Assistance Board. You are credited with the desire to give the unemployed more generous treatment than the Board will permit.

But even so, sixteen months' delay—with more to come, likely as not—is indefensible. And you cannot escape censure for that.

Our workless men and women have a right to know their fate. The millions of more fortunate citizens, who will have to provide the cost of their allowances, also have a right to know.

Whatever haggling may have gone on behind the scenes, whatever the "difficulties and complexities" about which we have been told so often, there can be no excuse for trifling with the justifiable impatience of the whole nation.

* * *

Make no mistake about that.

People of all political Parties—and of none—are contemptuous and indignant at the way in which this urgent matter has been handled.

I need hardly tell you they feel strongly, also, that the new scales for unemployment assistance must be a good deal higher than the callously inadequate ones which were so unanimously rejected more than a year ago.

No, I need not stress that point. But I must warn you that the delay alone may bring you down. If you are wise, you will at least banish that risk by doing the job you are paid to do.

Fight anyone who puts obstacles in the way of immediate action. Insist on getting those regulations out—or get out yourself.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. ORMSBY-GORE,
Colonial Secretary

DEAR MR. ORMSBY-GORE,—Your appointment to succeed Mr. J. H. Thomas is, it seems to me, a good one.

I have always regarded you as one of the most progressive of Conservative politicians. You detest Fascism and dictatorship of any sort. You are a more sincere supporter of the League of Nations than quite a few Ministers I could name. You are a sound administrator without being brilliant.

Your new job is one which, as you must know by your experience as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, will not bring you into the limelight, but which calls for great tact and shrewdness. And I wish you every success in it.

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace

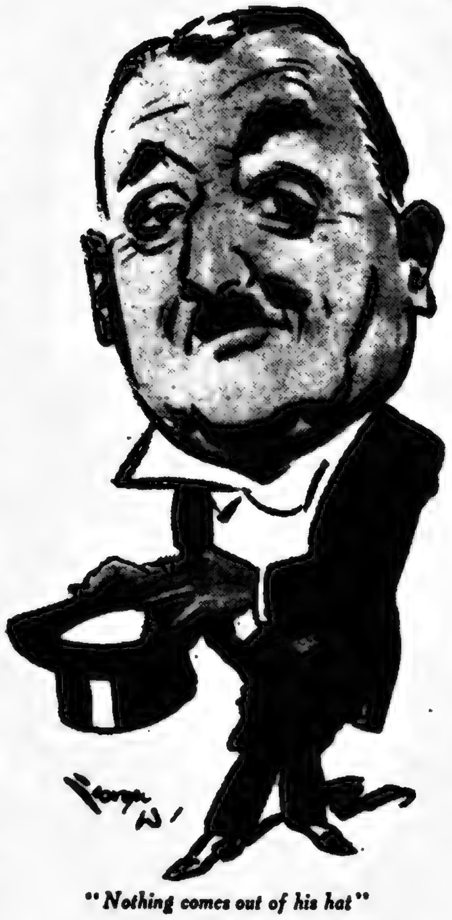
MY LORD,—So you do recognise it's a hardship that people who have obtained a divorce cannot be remarried in church if they wish.

I'm sorry that this injustice, already perpetrated in the name of Religion in many churches, is likely to become general owing to the decision of you and your fellow-churchmen.

Though you refer sympathetically to "girls who, through no fault of their own, have been let down by some unworthy husband," you plead that "we have to balance the matter in our minds."

You have, certainly, to do so. You have to ask yourself if it's good religion to penalise the innocent as well as the guilty.

JOHN BULL.



"Nothing comes out of his hat"

The DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.,
London, S.W.

YOUR GRACE,—You've only yourself to blame if your latest speech in Parliament has aroused cries of "reactionary" and "cheap labour."

The little hands of children are needed in industry, you say. So, though the school-leaving age may be raised to fifteen, you think youngsters should be exempted at fourteen to work in textile factories.

It is true there is a shortage of child labour in some districts. But if more young children were employed there would be less work for their fathers.

It's true we have to compete with countries where childish fingers are made to work at an early age. But that is no reason why we should keep ourselves on the same low level of civilisation.

Let me ask you one question. Would you like children of yours to start in the mills at the tender age of fourteen?

JOHN BULL.

Miss NAOMI JACOB,
London

DEAR MISS JACOB,—Your condemnation of filthy novels may offend a few of your fellow-writers, but it will be welcomed by all who, like myself, prefer literature that is not obsessed with only one side of life.

I'd like to impress your words in the minds of the muck-rakers: "It is all right holding up the mirror to Nature, but for goodness' sake hold it up straight. Life isn't all beer and skittles, but it isn't all horror."

Thank you for opening the windows of some of our modern libraries and letting in a draught of much-needed fresh air!

JOHN BULL.

The Hon. A. G. C. VILLIERS,
Hackney Wick, London, E.

DEAR SIR,—You're the sort of opponent any man should be proud to fight.

Though neither you nor Mr. Herbert Morrison have won the Hackney Marshes battle, in my opinion the compromise you have made possible is almost as good as a victory for either side.

Houses to replace London's slums will not be built on the Marshes, but on a site you are selling to the council. Following this decision comes your handsome gift of £10,000 to improve the amenities of the district. Well done!

JOHN BULL.

Sir GODFREY COLLINS,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR GODFREY,—Do you know there are many young people—from children of five to youths of twenty—who have never been to school because there are no schools they can attend?

If you doubt it, I advise you to study the latest criticism of the educational facilities in the Highlands, made this time by a magistrate.

I daresay the railway officials and others in isolated places do their best for their children. But, since they pay rates, those children have as much right as city youngsters to proper schooling.

It's up to you to see they get it.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR WAUCHOPE,
High Commissioner, Palestine

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—It's a good thing you are living up to your reputation as "a man who won't stand any nonsense."

Whatever the grievance of the Arabs, order must be maintained in Palestine. And, though you haven't been able to prevent disorder, you are handling a difficult situation well—not for the first time.

I hope you'll soon be able to report that all's quiet on the Palestine front.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. S. LIDDALL,
M.P. for Lincoln

DEAR MR. LIDDALL,—You have my best wishes in your campaign against the breach of promise laws, and I hope you'll let nothing deter you from making the fight a fierce one.

You will, I am convinced, have the great majority of the public on your side. Your plea that damages should be restricted to the actual loss incurred by the woman, instead of giving her a fat sum for "heart balm," is reasonable enough. At any rate, that would remove any suggestion of blackmail from the breach of promise case.

Unfortunately, I hear that the Law Officers of the Crown are opposed to this reform, just as they are against divorce law changes. You may not be able to defeat them—but give them the trouncing they deserve!

JOHN BULL.

GIPSY SMITH,
Cambridge

DEAR GIPSY SMITH,—Congratulations on reaching your diamond jubilee as the world's best-known evangelist, to be celebrated next week by a great gathering at Westminster's Central Hall.

I'm told you have addressed forty-five million people since you began your career as a preacher, and though many may not approve of your style of oratory, you have done more good, to my mind, than some of the more unctuous of orthodoxy's upholders.

JOHN BULL.

—NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—

Getting Married

YOU girls who plan
  To "get your man,"
    No matter how it's wangled,
Smile when, at last,
The net you've cast
  Some poor fish has entangled!

But, though you're glad
When you your lad
  Have for the altar headed,
You can't afford
To think you've scored
  O'er sisters still unwedded.

While any pop-
Eyed cat can cop
  A man should she endeavour;
Those of your sex
Who're unannexed
  Are really much more clever!

If this sounds paradoxical, I call to my support Miss Hector, of Ashton, who told a conference at Blackpool: "Anyone can get married, but it takes a good, valiant woman to remain unmarried."

This seems rather like saying that anything on four legs can win the Derby, whereas it takes a thoroughbred to lose it. But while it is well known that every superannuated van-horse has, in its young days, toyed with the idea of winning the Derby, is it equally certain that every spinster has yearned to win a husband?

Miss Hector's statement raises doubts that are not flattering to masculine vanity, since it suggests that many women refrain from helping themselves to a man in the same spirit that a good sportsman refrains from shooting a sitting bird.

Husband-hunting once attracted all the more virile elements in the feminine population. But nowadays, apparently, spinsters who can give to a glad-eye that extra bit of spin that wins a love game, regard the sport with the good-humoured disdain that a present-day tennis player would bestow on pat-ball.

Just as it is contended that the modern golf ball and a multiplicity of clubs have made golf too easy (not that some of us have noticed it!), so it may be said that mechanical aids to man-hunting have made the game too simple for it to appeal to the better type of sportswoman. If this is so, it is high time that the rules were amended; for it is painful to think that man, the elusive quarry who once gave the Dianas of the matrimonial hunting-field such a hard run for their (and his) money, has been reduced to the status of a carted stag.

Once husband-hunting was a game,
  Ere marred by modern innovation,
To which Eve turned with eager zest,
Hot on the hunt and keen to test
  Her hard-won skill in fascination!

The quarry had a sporting chance
  Till science thoughtlessly provided
Silk stockings, lipstick and a store
Of artificial aids galore,
  Which served to make the game one-sided!

So easy has it now become,
  Calling for little skill or cunning,
That spinsters who a prize may gain
Should be forbidden to retain
  It till they've won it three years running!

Y. Z.

NSON
LEMON
BARLEY
WATER
ROB

"TAKE YOUR CHOICE"

says OLD HETHERS

"In any case whether you plump for the bottle or the tin you'll have barley water as it should be made—from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley . . . You'd be astonished how this bottle's selling. They tell me it's largely due to my face on the seal. But what I say is, it would take more than me to sell it if it wasn't simply the best lemon barley water that can be made . . ."

BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT" BARLEY

Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is sold in 7½d. and 1/3d. tins by grocers and chemists. Robinson's Lemon Barley Water is sold in bottles at 1/9d. each (a bottle makes about 21 glasses).

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich.

CVS—816.

Send for Bluemel's new CYCLE ACCESSORY CATALOGUE

Full of useful cycling information as well as Bluemel's "Famous for Quality" accessories.

Send a postcard now to BLUEMEL BROS. LTD., Dept. 12b, WOLSTON, near COVENTRY.

"Men Still Prefer NATURAL LIGHT BLONDES to Brown Blondes!"

says J. H. Mendez, famous film director

BROWNISH and MOUSY coloured hair becomes 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER—*Naturally in One Shampoo, Without Injurious Dyeing*

Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or mousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Sta·blond, the wonderful new shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2–4 *shades lighter*, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde's sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

The new secret formula of Sta·blond has all the advantages of soap and soapless shampoos without the disadvantages of either. It brings back to brownish, darkened, blond hair the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents light blond hair from darkening, and makes perms last longer. Simply splendid for children. Over 4 million users throughout the World.

Try it to-day, and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used, ask for your money back.

Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex. Be sure and buy it to-day. Obtainable everywhere.

STA·BLOND

LOOK AT YOUR TEETH—*OTHERS DO!*

IS YOUR SMILE A PLEASANT MEMORY?

To Regain NATURAL Attractiveness & Sparkle

Twice a day—in the morning and again the last thing at night—a brisk brushing with KOLYNOS—that's the secret. So pleasant, so simple, but so sure in its results. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth. Get a tube from your Chemist to-day.

MADE IN ENGLAND

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Now they've upset the Coal-cart! . .

BALDWIN'S *Bad* Angels

by A. G. Gardiner

MR. BALDWIN'S path in these days lies through a very Valley of Humiliation. Few Prime Ministers in history have suffered so many rebuffs, and though he is not always the begetter of his misfortunes, it is his unhappy lot to take the humiliations and stand, as it were, in sackcloth and ashes and with bowed head to explain away the failures both of himself and his colleagues.

It was in this penitential attitude that he made his surrender a few days ago on the subject of the Coal Mines Bill, which, after its rough handling in Parliament, is now postponed to the autumn. It was a well-intended measure, as so many of his actions are.

Mr. Baldwin's heaven is paved with good intentions, but it is unfortunately inhabited by sinister angels who do not share his good intentions and have a very brusque way of disposing of them.

The story of the Coal Mines Bill is a case in point. Let us glance at this story from the beginning.

King Coal has been the reigning monarch in our history of prosperity

It is a commonplace that the prosperity of this country in the [illegible] has been based on its rich and abundant coal measures. There have been other factors, of course—our geographical position, our command of the sea, our marvellous coast-line with its fine harbours, and so on.

But King Coal has been the reigning monarch.

With the development of modern methods of power—water, oil, electricity—the dominion of King Coal has been undermined.

And together with this fact there has grown up a spirit of unrest at the archaic administration of this great industry.

For twenty-five years the coalfields have been seething with discontents, which have burst out again and again into flame, culminating in the General Strike of 1926. It was in this year, as the result of the Samuel Commission, that the Coal Mines Act was passed.

The ostensible purpose of this Act was to clean up the chaos of the industry—"rationalise" it was the word—by a planned system of amalgamation. But it failed. And it failed for a very sufficient reason. It was a voluntary scheme, supplemented by certain compulsory powers which were never applied, and as the coal owners had no enthusiasm for it, the measure as a means of rehabilitating the coal trade achieved little or nothing.

IT was to put the driving power of compulsion into the machine that the Labour Government in 1930 passed an Act setting up the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission. By this Act, if the coal-owners did not amalgamate voluntarily, the Commission was empowered to make compulsory schemes which had to have the approval of the Railway and Canal Commission.

But again the bad angels got to work. In the House of Lords they put in a clause that forbade the Commission to enforce any scheme that would be financially injurious to any undertaking that might be included in an amalgamation. This effectually spiked the gun once more.

Indeed, it was only by an accident that the Coalition Government that came into power in 1931 did not abolish the Reorganisation Commission forthwith on the score of "economy." They decided to do so, but the Minister misread his instructions and the Commission survived.

But it might as well have perished. It fought one battle with a defiant minority of West Yorkshire mine owners, was beaten, and practically gave up the ghost. In so far as it functioned at all, it functioned on voluntary lines. It left the problem unsolved and the discontents in the coalfields unappeased.

That is the position as it stands to-day, waiting for the spark that will set the heather in a blaze once more. It is to Mr. Baldwin's credit that he sees the danger, and the Coal Mines Bill was designed to ward it off. It is not a good Bill. It embodies Mr. Baldwin's good intentions but it falls short of a bold grappling with the central problems of compulsion. It does not give power to enforce working arrangements short of complete amalgamation. It gives the coal-owners the right of appeal to the courts—even against schemes to which Parliament has offered no objection—a right which will lead to endless litigation.

But with all its faults it was a step towards tightening up the control of the industry. Unfortunately, the bad angels have once more been too much for Mr. Baldwin and the Government. The coal-owners have descended on the Bill, with horse, foot and artillery—not to speak of advertisements in the Press.

And again they have won. The amendments which Mr. Runciman has been induced to propose make havoc of the measure. It is not too much to say that it has been laughed or hooted out of court, not merely by the Opposition, but practically by every disinterested element in Parliament, including many of Mr. Baldwin's own followers.

In its new shape it satisfies nobody, and is assailed by everybody. The coal-owner interest, powerful in Parliament, disowns it for one reason. Labour repudiates it for another. Mr. Churchill heads his diehard battalions against it, and even the Simonite Liberals are in revolt.

But in spite of this almost universal execration, it is not to be dropped. It cannot be gone on with now; but it is to go into cold storage. From thence, says Mr. Baldwin, it is to emerge in the autumn, "warts and all." For the amendments which the House rose against on the second reading are, it seems, to be incorporated in the Bill, and the House is to be asked again to accept what it has so emphatically rejected.

This is very deplorable, and I hope that between this and the autumn Mr. Baldwin will think again, and think differently. The Bill in its original form was inadequate, but not unacceptable. The Bill in the form dictated by the coal-owners is doomed. If it is persisted in it will help to doom the Government, too.

The time has been passed when the country will tolerate this great matter being made the plaything of the vested interests. Those interests have too long had the dominant voice in an industry which is vital to the national welfare and whose disorders are one of the chief sources of our economic troubles.

WHILE those disorders continue, there will be neither political peace nor economic recovery in the coal trade. They can only be removed by a drastic change in the control of the industry directed, not to satisfying this or that special faction among the coal-owners, but to serving the national interest and relieving the depression that exists among the great mining community.

It is not an easy task. Coal is too dear at home, and its dearness is a heavy handicap on all the consuming industries dependent on it for their power. And abroad the export price is governed by a world price that we cannot influence.

Between too high a price for the commodity at home, too low a price abroad, and too low a rate for wages, the difficulties of a solution are apparent. They cannot be solved on the present lines of ownership and administration.

If the industry is to be revived and put on a sound basis it must be by setting aside the dictatorship of the coal-owners and establishing a system of control in the public interest somewhat on the lines of that which governs the supply of electricity.

Up in the Hills

A HOWLING, drenching night of gale and rain. Even in the sheltered streets of Durham it was scarcely a night to be abroad.

Out in the open countryside it needed strong roofs, stout doors and securely locked windows to provide refuge against the gale-borne deluge.

What, then, of the lonely cottage so high up in the hills that it was a veritable Bleak House at the best of times, and with a roof that had won its tussle with lesser storms only with difficulty?

First a few tiles soared away to remind the occupants that their warmth and comfort might be short-lived. Then, as the winds of heaven played in the chasm they had made, the work of destruction went on until the house was entirely stripped of its covering.

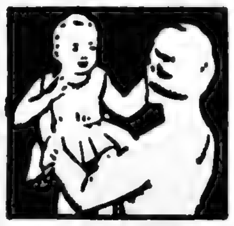
Finally the rain took a hand in it. The occupants, who tried to drag their home of furniture into some sort of covering, it soaked to the very skin. And much of the furniture in three upper rooms and one lower room was ruined.

It seemed to be a situation without hope to the family to whom those treasured possessions meant so much. Yet there was hope in plenty, if only they had known it, in a coupon which lay safe and dry in an office in London.

A coupon which they had once cut from JOHN BULL. Because they had signed it and sent it to us, we paid for the losses in respect of their hard-earned furniture.

Are you still telling yourself that you intend to sign that coupon and so qualify for the unique protection of the JOHN BULL free family insurance scheme—and yet omitting to do so? Then why not sign *now*? The coupon is on page 46.

Watch It Grow!



THE HUMAN MACHINE

PEOPLE who are dubious about the power of the mind over the body should watch a baby developing into an intelligent child. That is to say they should watch it intelligently, try to realise what is going on and learn from it.

As you watch such a development it is perfectly clear that the mind and the brain are two separate things. It is clear that the brain is an instrument. It is obvious that that instrument is capable of terrific and limitless growth.

A baby can't talk. It can't walk. It can't co-ordinate its movements. Very soon it wants to, but it has to train its brain to respond to its wishes, and to transmit its desires to its nerves, its muscles and its limbs.

The older it grows, the better its brain responds. The more it uses its brain, the keener its brain gets. The mind learns to use its instrument, the brain, and that instrument gets better and more efficient the more it is used.

It's partly a physical matter. The more the brain is used the more its cells and its nerves get co-ordinated, grouped, related. We establish contacts in the brain, channels, connections. We develop a sort of vast electric network over which impulses can flash with the speed of light. The more we use our brains the more connections we establish and the better they work.

Get on with it. Give your brain its daily dozen. It's never too late to start!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN DO IT
If you try. Make Money selling Ladies' Silk Stockings and a 1,000 Bargains in Drapery. Catalogue and Guide Free. — COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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100-PAGE 1936 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, post free Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All depts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction gntd. W'sale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

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FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only). LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

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ORGANISE SIXIT CLUBS! Only six members needed. No goods over 6/-. Easiest Club agency in the country. Quality goods give every satisfaction. Rapidly popularised, organisers soon have big number of clubs. Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Furnishings at 3/- and 6/-. Wonderful variety, quick service. Commission every six weeks, why wait longer? Send p.c. NOW for latest edition of Catalogue and all particulars. — GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, MANCHESTER, 1.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS.
Earnings unlimited. Free gift every agent.
Big cash Prizes. Catalogue Free.
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AGENTS Wanted, Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No Outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Wines, Sigs., Toys, etc. Send p.c. for Huge Art Catlg. & Partics.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. 1), Eatonian House, Leeds, 12.

WANTED, 10,000 persons to form Xmas Clubs; no previous experience required. LARGEST COMMISSION; also lovely presents value £4 4s. Leather goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Drapery, Toys, Dolls, etc., Chocolates—Cadbury's, Terry's, Rowntree's, Fry's, etc. Don't delay. Send p.c. for Giant Illust. Catlg., free & postage paid. —DENNIS & CO., Dept. 58, COLNE, Lancashire.

EVERY TURN is First Turn with John England's Trust Club. No drawing for chances. Become an agent and earn extra money. Send the coupon centre of page 3 for full particulars.

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G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing over £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1936 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams, etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex —aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. — Write for prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads, 3/6; 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, Memos, size 8 x 5, 100 1/6, 200 2/6. Handbills, Posters, Samps. free Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

FREE TO YOU! 100-page book—85 Ways of Making Money with a Printing Machine. Tells you how to start in a small way and describes the money-making possibilities. With this intensely interesting Free book is sent illustrated particulars of the new improved Adana high-speed automatic Printing Machine obtainable at the amazingly low price of 38/6 complete, or on easy terms. For address see advt. top of p. 3.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

BOWLS, TENNIS RACKETS, CYCLES, Cricket, Billiards, Snooker, Table Tennis, 1d. p.c. brings lists. Wonderful value. Easiest of Terms.—B. B. RAYMOND, 4, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

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HAVE YOU a Camera? Send your name and address to Gratispool Co. and receive a Free Film. See offer on page 3.

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SECTIONAL BUILDINGS. Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—G. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

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YOU WANT a reliable Pocket Watch? Then get the Big Ben Chronometer. Never lets you down. Expensive? No! All you send now is 1/- for immediate delivery. You will find this bargain illustrated in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3.

GET fit and keep fit with a Home Gym Outfit. On page 43 appears an offer in which 1/- deposit secures a complete home outfit. Simply use the coupon.

FREE.—Special summer sale list of Drages fine furniture—real bargains in Dining-room, drawing and bedroom suites at prices reduced from 2/6 to 6/- in the £. Together with this folder will come a special book, "You and Your Home," which will solve all your furnishing troubles. Remember, with these generous sale-price reductions, Drages terms and services continue—Fifty Pay-Way terms and no deposit for approved accounts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Drages, 73/77, Oxford Street, London, W.1, or fill in the coupon on page 10 and post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope.

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Wonderful Success of the National Motorists' Association's Policy of *"FAIR PLAY FOR MOTORISTS"*

Chairman:
The Earl of Cardigan.

Subscription per annum. £2 : 2 : 0 **Badge 10/6**

SPECIAL CAR INSURANCE FOR MEMBERS

Improved Car Insurance for Members only, including No Claim Bonus up to 50%. Free Legal Costs up to £250 in manslaughter charge. Free Travel Home in emergencies.

FREE PERSONAL ACCIDENT Insurance £5 per week for 26 weeks.

FREE Road Service by Garages and Patrols.

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FREE Touring Facilities, Routes, etc.

FREE Special Road Maps.

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The N.M.A., which was founded and announced on March 3rd, has been eminently successful. Thousands of motorists have joined, and branches have been opened in various parts of the country to cope with the ever-increasing membership.

It is the avowed intention of the N.M.A. to resist oppressive regulations or restrictions, and to formulate schemes that will ensure better treatment and fair play for motorists.

The N.M.A. Political Committee, which includes a number of influential Members of Parliament, is taking strong action in the following campaigns:

1 The division of responsibility among all classes of road users, not excluding pedestrians.

2 The segregation of traffic in accordance with speed, as by the provision of special "speed channels" on the roads for motorists, with cycling tracks and adequate walking paths flanking them.

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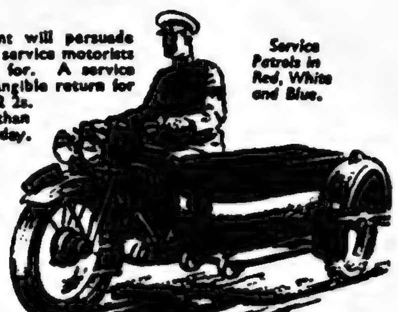
5 It will shortly issue special medical badges to 40,000 doctors, which, it is hoped, will facilitate their work.

Your own judgment will persuade you that this is the service motorists have been waiting for. A service that offers a real tangible return for the subscription (£2 2s. per annum) less than three-ha'pence a day.



Service Patrols in Red, White and Blue.

N·M·A

Bear in mind that the membership Fee is inclusive and entitles you to all these privileges without extra cost of any kind.

Fill in your Form to-day—the greater the support, the greater will be its power.

Sec., NATIONAL MOTORISTS' ASSOCIATION,
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Please enrol me as a Member or send particulars.
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FREE.—Every cyclist needs accessories of some kind or another. Therefore he or she will find a copy of Bluemel's catalogue of extreme value. It's cram full of useful suggestions which will appeal to all cyclists. A copy will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bluemel Bros., Dept. 12c, Wolston, nr. Coventry.

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£1 DOWN secures modern Home Remington Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this unique offer by filling the coupon on p. 34, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

GET these free catalogues—all about Cycles, Accessories and Radio. To make sure of getting the lowest price, the best terms, the finest after-sales service—write at once for the interesting catalogues offered by Currys' on p. 43. Fill in the coupon on p. 43 NOW!

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£ s. d. OF EGGS.—Make big money by following the expert advice given in "The Feathered World Year Book, 1936." A mine of information—over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain this great work, send 2/6 to "The Feathered World," Dept. J.B.3, 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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NOW is the time to use SANGRAL—the 10-DAY FERTILISER for better flowers, fruit, vegetables and lawns. 100 per cent. safe and effective. 6d., 1/6 and 3/-. Sold everywhere.

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GRAMOPHONES, Radiograms, Electric-spring-motors, accessories, repairs, Accordeons, Violins, cheap. List.—Regbull, 120, Old St., London. EC1.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the cause. No fasting, dieting, or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 36-38, Codnor, Derby.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.21), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE to indigestion sufferers. A pocket or hand-bag sample of MOORLAND brand indigestion tablets is yours for the asking. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds, enclose 1½d. stamp for postage, etc. See p. 39.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, "The Story of Elasto," or fill in the coupon on Back Cover.

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IF YOU are a motorist, or are interested in motoring, join The National Motorists' Association. Some information is given in the announcement on this page, but full details, together with partics. of enrolment, will be sent on receipt of the coupon. Fill this in now.

ACCEPT this free offer. To introduce the new size packet of Birds Custard sufficient for four half-pints, a special packet will be sent free to all readers who simply write to Birds Custard (Dept. K.Q.37), Thames House, Millbank, London. Write at once for your sample package.

FREE!—A transfer of a charming cut-work design for your tea-cosy. This enchanting pattern you can get free in exchange for lids from Robin Starch—one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Use the free coupon on page 37. Cut it out now, before you forget.

A FREE 7-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of shaving, is offered to readers who simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 114), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing. See p. 38.

IF you would like to become an artist, commercial or cartoon, don't overlook Brodie Mack's announcement on page 41.

GOOD HEALTH is your birthright. The remedies offered on page 18 will keep you fit and save you unnecessary expense. A free book containing 96 pages packed with valuable medical information will be sent free to all readers who send an order for any of the remedies advertised on that page. Turn to it now.

A FREE gift for your kiddies. There's lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat, accept this unique offer now! Use the coupon on p. 29.

100 SOLID Silver Cider TANKARDS free. Here's a chance to test your skill in a free, simple competition. Simply fill in what you consider are the best words to complete the Bulmer advt. on p. 33. Write your suggestion on a postcard and send to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dep. J.B.5), Hereford. For the best replies 100 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by June 11.

THE coupon in the Preservene advertisement on page 35 is worth money to you! 14 wrappers from bars of Preservene Soap, and the coupon, will entitle you to a beautiful free gift—either a white hemstitched pillow-case or a fancy coloured bath towel, or a fancy coloured apron. Start collecting to-day, and state which gift you would like, giving your name and address, to Preservene, Ltd., Dept. B4, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

THE *Five-Faced* FORGER

How his dupes saw him—in turn!

Doctor, Evangelist, Banker, Impresario, Dentist . . *are his Masks*

WHEN a scoundrel, for whose arrest more than forty warrants have been issued, boasts that he can make a pound a minute living by his wits, it may be taken that he is no ordinary trickster.

For months past an offender of this calibre has been defying all efforts to capture him and, sustaining a number of rôles, including those of airman, evangelist, doctor, dentist, bank manager and theatrical producer, has plundered people in all parts of the country.

As may be expected, he passes in many names, one of his more recent aliases being that of "Gardiner."

He has enriched himself at the expense of others in a variety of ways, and has also acquired cars, jewellery, clothes, furniture and household goods of every description by false pretences and fraud.

Perhaps the most pathetic of his dupes are women, over whom he seems to exercise a fatal fascination. At Derby recently he abandoned a twenty-five-year-old girl in particularly callous circumstances.

Her savings taken

He had met her at a function in London and, discovering that she had a fairly substantial sum of money of her own, had steadily cultivated her friendship. His pose to her was that of a successful doctor about to take up a quiet provincial practice and settle down.

Letters which he produced lent colour to his story that, until recently, he had been attached to several leading hospitals.

He completely turned the girl's head, induced her to run away with him and, relieving her of most of her savings, left her stranded at Derby, heartbroken and disillusioned.

When she unfolded her tearful story to the police she learned that Gardiner was an utter impostor, and a married man who had previously deserted five children with equal callousness.

Imagine her dismay when the police produced a number of photographs of notorious and much-wanted criminals for her inspection, and she saw her deceiver's portrait prominently displayed amongst them!

The police were full of sympathy, but had to break it to her that she was just one more of a long string of people who had been victimised. Through their kindness she was assisted back to London and restored to her anxious parents; but Gardiner is still at large and unpunished..

It is typical of this scoundrel's audacity that immediately after deserting this girl he called upon one of her relatives and obtained a sum of money from him by a trick. He pretended that he knew where the girl was living, and that, if his expenses were paid, he could use his influence to have her restored to her family.

At Huntingdon he stayed at a large boarding establishment and posed as the "Rev. Gardiner." He told several people he met in the vicinity that he was about to open a mission hall there, and that his programme would have a special appeal for young people. He certainly talked very convincingly on religious matters, and one woman with whom he became friendly during his stay is considerably the poorer through placing her faith in him.

He told her that he was being assisted financially by his father in the proposed venture, and, as the latter was a very busy man he did not like to worry him too much about money until all arrangements had been completely fixed. He had no difficulty, however, in extracting from the woman in question a substantial cheque, which he promised to refund a week or two later.

Then, having secured several other victims in the neighbourhood, the "Revd." impostor disappeared.

Elusive

Once more a woman, this time in slightly better circumstances than the last, paid a visit to the local police station, to find that this elusive rogue is wanted badly by the authorities for a long series of frauds.

Using the name of "Lionel Bourne," Gardiner turned up recently at Leeds and rented an office in the guise of a theatrical producer. He advertised for artists, and told applicants that he was going to run a number of small but select concert parties at seaside towns.

Displaying obvious knowledge of the theatrical world, he held auditions with several men and women, but gently stressed the fact that he would require a monetary deposit against their engagement.

Several unfortunate people handed sums of money to the plausible "Mr. Bourne," who, when things were getting just a little too warm for him, quietly disappeared.

Vanishing trick

In another town he took apartments at the best hotel and impersonated a famous doctor whose name is a household word in medical circles. He gained the confidence of the hotel owner, an elderly woman, by telling her that he was shortly going to take over an important post at the local hospital. Then he borrowed money from her, and from other guests, and repeated one of his characteristic vanishing tricks.

In another place he negotiated for the tenancy of a large old-world cottage, and, by posing as a man of independent means, who was acting on behalf of his "millionaire father," had it elaborately furnished. According to his story, he wanted to have everything ready for his father, who was returning from Australia in a month or two, after having spent many years in that Dominion.

In this way he obtained credit extensively, and once again eluded the authorities when they were about to get on to his track. A large number of worthless cheques and unpaid bills were the legacy he left behind.

Gardiner, who has more than thirty aliases, is known to the police as one of the finest adepts at perpetrating cheque frauds on a grand scale.

His cheques, though forgeries, are always drawn on important branches of well-known banks, and, by leaving behind the most implicit instructions as to where and how the ordered goods are to be delivered, Gardiner rarely fails to effect a "deal."

False pretences

A year or so ago, when the net was closing in on him, he contrived to secure enlistment in the Royal Air Force, and thus effectively covered up his trail for a few months, after which he deserted. For this yet another warrant is out for his arrest.

Wife desertion, forgery, obtaining goods by fraud and false pretences, and irregularly practising as a doctor, are a few of the charges which will be preferred against him when he is finally brought to book.

But, with no less than forty-three warrants out for his apprehension, some of which date back to the early part of 1933 and 1934, it will be scandalous if this pound-a-minute crook is allowed to carry on with impunity, enjoying the reputation of being one of the few dangerously successful criminals who can't be caught.

TRAGEDY *of a* LOST JOB

"GOOD masters make good servants," the old saying runs, but for a good many honest men and women the proverb is a mockery. Like Henry John Poole, of no fixed abode, generally found sheltering in the Salvation Army hostel at Poplar, they are victims of "temporary employment."

"Harry" Poole is nearly thirty-six years of age. He has been employed on and off in Government and public institutions, always to the satisfaction of his employers, but never with any degree of security for himself.

He is always one of that numerous body of men employed in a "temporary" capacity, taken on to fill a gap, afforded employment at a moment's notice, to be discharged as peremptorily and thrown out of work.

"Harry" Poole went from one public institution to another, as he was required. He was found work at the City of London Institution at Bow for three years out of five, but never with any prospects of permanency or of promotion. For two years at intervals in between he drew the "dole" and looked for the phantom permanent post.

It is obvious that his services were satisfactory, for he went back to the same place again and again as he was sent for to take over as holiday relief or perhaps from somebody who had been disabled. His pleasure can well be imagined when he was appointed attendant at the Chelsea Public Assistance Institution for a period of six months. That was as near to becoming "permanent" as any job he had ever had.

But in the meantime he made application to the General Post Office for a job as postman, for which in due course he was medically examined. He required dental treatment, but was otherwise quite fit.

He was overjoyed at last to receive a letter from the London Postal Service, of King Edward Street, requesting him to attend in order to commence his duties.

He was to undergo a course of training, then to report to the Victoria Docks Office—a full-fledged postman with a salary. He was told to bring a copy of his birth certificate, which cost him 3s. 9d.

The master of the Chelsea Institution wished him luck, paid him off, and sent for another "temporary" male attendant. "Harry" Poole went to take over his job with the General Post Office, and worked till midday in the Whitechapel Road.

But when he arrived "home" for his midday meal he received a shock!

A letter had arrived in his absence to the effect that his nomination for service with the General Post Office had been abandoned!

As he had been allowed to start on the job and had put in a full morning's work he was naturally dumbfounded. When he demanded an explanation he found that the letter should have been sent three days before, but had been delayed through a clerical error!

He did not receive a penny for his morning's work nor anything to compensate him for his lost job.

The postal authorities contented themselves by saying that: "The question of giving up any outside work in order to take up employment offered was one for the candidate to decide for himself."

Thus we get the spectacle of a growing army of "temporary" employees, men who march from pillar to post, and from employment exchange to work lasting but a day or two.

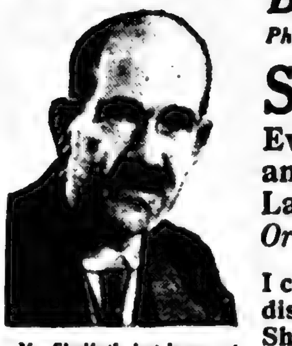
Forlorn, like "Harry" Poole, without hope for the future, and minus background in the past, yet expected always to give faithful service to masters who neither reward them with security nor with the consideration the average farmer affords his cattle.

Government and public bodies should set an example, proving good masters and not parties to a system that drives men to despair.

FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS that RELIEVE SUFFERING PROMOTE HEALTH & SAVE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE

By Wm. Shadforth, Ph.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health,"
Pharmaceutical Chemist, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.



Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

SCORES of thousands owe their health, strength and freedom from pain to my famous Prescriptions. Every sufferer, no matter where he or she lives, can obtain any one of them direct from my own Pharmaceutical Laboratory or from any chemist at a price they can afford. *Order them NOW!* Keep them handy in your medicine chest.

I commenced dispensing medicines in 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more than any other man living. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions are prescribed by the world's best doctors. As a large buyer of drugs, of which the cost is very high, I am able to serve you economically and dispense medicines at prices you can afford to pay. All the ingredients used are of the utmost purity and efficacy; each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

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A Book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.
"John Bull." Book No. A209. *June, 1936.*

LIVER TROUBLES

Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 222). Free on request.

CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940**—costs **1/-**). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (**No. 801**)—costs 7½d.)

The Shadforth Booklet on "Corns" (J.B. 297). Free on request.

COMPLEXION TROUBLES

The Shadforth Beauty Course

COMPRISES a special medicated Sulphur Soap, a Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for **Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 442/T).** Prices **3/9** and **6/-**.

Shadforth Beauty Pamphlet (J.B. 257). Free on request.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

KEPT CLEAN

with **Shadforth Special Teeth Powder,** prepared specially for that purpose. Recommended by Dental Specialists. (Prescription No. **894**), at **1/1.**

The Shadforth Booklet relating to the subject (J.B. 270). Free on request.

False Teeth Hold Fast

all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder (Prescription No. **894A**)—they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price: **6d.** and **1/6** per box.

NASAL CATARRH

NASAL Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save one from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Prices: **2/9, 4/6** and **8/6.**

The Shadforth Book on Catarrh Treatment (J.B. 321). Free on request.

"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's & Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

SCIATICA, NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation

ALL nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadpro Compound,**" the new pain-killer (**No. 283**). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

Shadforth Booklet (J.B. 260). Free on request.

SWOLLEN JOINTS

Gout, Etc.

FOR all Uric Acid Troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the "**Shadforth**" **Three-Fold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it allays pains and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6.**

The Shadforth Booklet on "Gout" (J.B. 327). Free on request.

INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

POPULARLY known as "White Lions," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price: **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72 Lions), **2/6** (144 Lions), **7/-** (432 Lions), with Directions.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314). Post free on request.

NEURASTHENIA

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

YOU can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. Shadphos Tonic Tablets—act like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100), and **17/-** (300 tablets). **Prescription 470.**

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (J.B. 323). Free on request.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

AVOID Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1108/T.).** Prices: **2/6. 5/6, 15/6.**

Descriptive Book (J.B. 296). Free on request.

SPECIAL HEART & NERVE TONIC

Prescription that gives Relief in Warm Weather

DON'T be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (See above.)

Special Book on Heart Troubles (J.B. 320). Post free on request.

HÆMORRHOIDS

Quick Relief and Comfort

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Pile Treatment No. 394/DD.** Price **7/6.**

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B. 325) sent free on request.

"SHADSHINE"—*The Young Folks TONIC*

THIS is a scientific substitute for sunshine which doctors prescribe for anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, weakness, malnutrition, rickets and threatened tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamins (chlorophyll, yeast, bone marrow, etc.). The chlorophyll (termed "bottled sunshine") makes red blood corpuscles.

Prescription 1063. Prices: 1/9 (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd., Dispensing Chemists
(Dept.J.B.36), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4
and Branches.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why those Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. Until you have tried "**Shadforters**" you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "**Shadforters**"—Prescription 285—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (J.B. 254) on Bladder and Kidney Troubles sent Free on request.

ENLARGED TONSILS & ADENOIDS

DO you know that operations on children for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids** are now definitely out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for **7/6.** Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain or loss of blood.

Shadforth Booklet (J.B. 288). Free on request.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 p.c. Purity. 100 p.c. Vitality

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282).** Prices: **2/6, 4/6** and **13/-.**

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a day keeps the Doctor Away

THE best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. Prices, post free: In air-tight canisters, **3d., 6d.** and **1/-.**

The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

He Made an HEIRESS his Catspaw

After a dazzling appearance at Cannes, Valentine Co's departed hurriedly, to the disgust of his creditors

Weekly Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

PENSIONERS and others who may be tempted to risk their savings in business ventures should be warned by the sad experience of one of my Oxford readers—a Colonel, retired from the Indian Army, after more than thirty years of distinguished service overseas.

The Colonel has been relieved of nearly all his available capital in a single plunge, and consequent legal proceedings have absorbed what was left of practically £4,000.

His brief career in the city began when he answered the advertisement of an individual known as Captain Awdry Valentine Cole, described as a shipowner and transport contractor.

Big prospects

Cole held forth that his business was flourishing, and, master of his craft, he explained his ideas in some detail. Early in an initial interview he produced a number of so-called "fixed contracts," together with books purporting to show that substantial gross profits were being made.

This so impressed him that the Colonel commuted one-half of his pension, and was induced to sink £3,000 in cash in a concern called the Cole Transport Company, operating from an office in Trinity Square, Tower Hill, London.

In the light of subsequent events it is easy to see how the veteran pensioner's enthusiasm was aroused, not only by the prospects of earning an additional thousand a year, but of being able to provide for his family.

According to Cole, the business was getting too big for him to handle, and, although his wife was a registered partner, he was in need of an active colleague in the undertaking.

Cole had no hesitation about trading upon his wife's good fortune, mentioning that she was an heiress in her own right, the daughter of a wealthy man, whom he had married in the face of her surviving parent's wishes.

From that moment Mrs. Cole's part in the drama was second only to that played by Cole himself. The Colonel was invited to dine at a flat in Victoria Street, London, and, in due course, he consented to become godfather to Mrs. Cole's first-born baby.

The Colonel was induced by Cole to become a director of a newly formed limited company, founded on the strength of an existing five-shilling business name. He was unaware that the concern possessed little or no real assets, that the lorries it boasted were not its property.

All false

The Colonel had very little real experience in business, and Cole's plausible manner served to allay any suspicions he may have entertained.

Further to the glowing assurances that big profits were to be made, there was an undertaking, signed by Mrs. Cole, that in the event of disaster the Colonel's £3,000 would be returned from her private fortune, an estate she was due to receive on attaining her majority.

The Colonel thus felt secure in embarking on the venture, though he might have been less content had he known what he learnt later—that £2,000 of his money went straight into Cole's private banking account!

But disillusion was soon to come. It was not long before the Colonel found that the supposed "profitable" business was actually working at a loss. A chartered accountant's figures proved Captain Cole's assertions to have been entirely false.

He also discovered that even the advertisements Cole inserted in newspapers were misleading.

Confronted with a demand for an explanation for the complete absence of profits, Cole blithely answered that heavy initial expenditure, overhead charges and so forth had swallowed everything.

Cole had conveyed the impression that the company had large numbers of lorries and agents in all parts of the country, but it now transpired that these were figments of his fertile imagination.

The lorries supposedly owned by the Cole Transport Company, Ltd., really belonged to other contractors scattered about London, in Greenwich, Derby and Chelmsford. And far from working in harmony, these contractors were actually pressing creditors!

In the midst of this upheaval and disillusionment, Cole went to the Colonel in great distress, telling a story calculated to appeal to any average man of good heart.

He said his first wife, from whom he was divorced, was lying dangerously ill on the Continent, and was asking for him. It was essential he should go to her, and that the present Mrs. Cole should not be informed. He wished to borrow £200, but could promise repayment by a certain date. Touched by this poignant story, the Colonel obligingly advanced the necessary money.

About the time this loan was made creditors of the original Cole Transport Company were pressing for payment, one of them a transport contractor with an account for £300 outstanding from a date long before the Colonel's advent into the sorry business.

It was now abundantly clear that the company he had been induced to join was without capital and minus assets.

Made bankrupt

Believing himself to be secured under the guarantee he had received from Mrs. Cole, he gave notice of withdrawal. With characteristic impudence Cole endeavoured to persuade him to surrender the guarantee, but he wisely declined to do so.

The Cole Transport Company, Ltd., thus came to a sorry end, with the Colonel heading the list of creditors, but when he met Cole's wife with a demand for his £3,000 he found that the conditions of the will by which she had inherited the fortune precluded her from paying any such debt.

The Colonel was forced to issue a writ in order to secure the return of the private loan of £200 he had made Cole.

There was now no alternative than to bring both Captain Awdry Cole and his wife to the bankruptcy court, which the clamouring creditors did, with the result they were both examined and made bankrupt. The registrar ordered that £40 a year should be paid from Mrs. Cole's income.

But the proceedings served only to involve the Colonel and the several transport contractors in further losses, for immediately he had been adjudicated Cole fled with his wife to the Riviera.

When next the Colonel heard of him he was running a tennis club for the benefit of the English visitors, but still Cole made no effort to meet his obligations.

Later, when Mrs. Cole applied for her discharge from bankruptcy, it was disclosed that Captain Cole had deserted both her and her two children, and a little further light was thrown on the career of this most plausible adventurer.

A man much older than Mrs. Cole, he had met her at her home and proposed marriage, though her father strongly disapproved of a match with any such penniless romancer.

Then under the age of twenty-one, she had been taken on a voyage to India, but Cole inveigled himself on board and persuaded the young heiress to elope with him at Marseilles! A first attempt to marry the heiress at Nice was frustrated, though Cole later succeeded in getting married at Lyons.

Now, to the disgust of the English community in Cannes, Cole has further posed as a public benefactor, an organiser of balls and public events in aid of British charities, but although he has received substantial remuneration his creditors in London, Chelmsford, Oxford and Derby are yet unsatisfied.

£4,500 lost

I note with some interest that Captain Cole is no stranger in the bankruptcy courts, for shortly after his release from military service his rash and hazardous speculation resulted in a loss to his then creditors amounting to more than £4,500.

His discharge was in that instance suspended for two years.

The latest news concerning Captain Awdry Valentine Cole is that he departed from Cannes somewhat hurriedly, leaving a number of outstanding debts.

He is still an undischarged bankrupt, and inquiry reveals that he formerly rejoiced in the name of Witkowsky. There are county court judgments dating back to 1910 registered against him.

I issue this warning in the hope that it may save others from victimisation at his hands.

Our 30th Birthday Gift To Every Reader

THERE is, as you know, a special significance for you and ourselves, this week, in the date on the familiar cover of JOHN BULL—it marks our 30th birthday.

And we know that the 1,500,000 and more families who read JOHN BULL every week will feel as happy about that as we are ourselves.

The bond existing between ourselves and our readers is no ordinary one. They write and tell us so.

Well, we have been wondering how to strengthen still further that bond to mark the present great occasion. And this is our way of doing it:

We want you to accept—*free!*—a book in which fifty famous writers, masters of the thrill every one of them, go "all out" to stir you as you have never been stirred before.

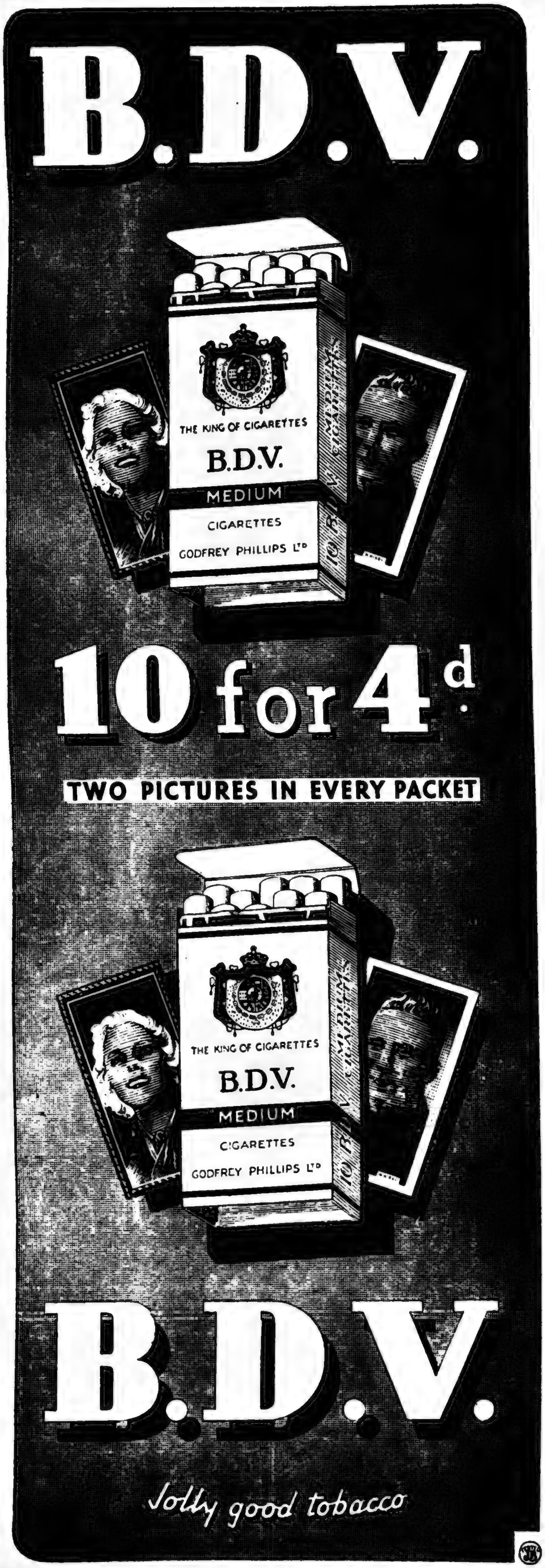
H. G. Wells tells you of the ghost who had no chains to clank and didn't know how to go a-haunting; Arnold Bennett of the woman who wanted to kill a Chinaman as the price of a fur coat; J. B. Priestley of a provincial pantomime in which the Devil himself turned up to play the part of the Demon King; Jeffery Farnol of the rat which found a murderer and beat the police; Agatha Christie of wallpaper which changed colour overnight and so became part of a breath-taking mystery—and much more besides. Altogether the sort of book we are proud to associate with our 30th birthday—nearly 300,000 words of action, suspense, surprise in 768 big pages, accompanied by 17 full-page illustrations and portraits of the authors, living right up to its title as "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries."

We are wondering whether you will be able to resist breaking the seal under which lie nine of the most remarkable mysteries in the book.

But we are in no doubt about it being a book that you will be proud to keep among the pick of your library. Its beautiful binding in fine Black Morocco grained Cloth, gold embossed on the spine and front, alone ensures that.

Bear in mind that any JOHN BULL 30th birthday celebration must necessarily be a big one. So reserve your free gift *now*. The necessary Reservation Forms, together with your gift voucher, appear in the special announcement on the back of the four centre pages of this issue. (*When you send in your Reservation Form you may at the same time send in the Registration Form for* JOHN BULL'S *Free Family Insurance, which appears on page 46 of this issue.*)

There's our Birthday Gift; one we are proud to offer. It is for you to send your reservation—at once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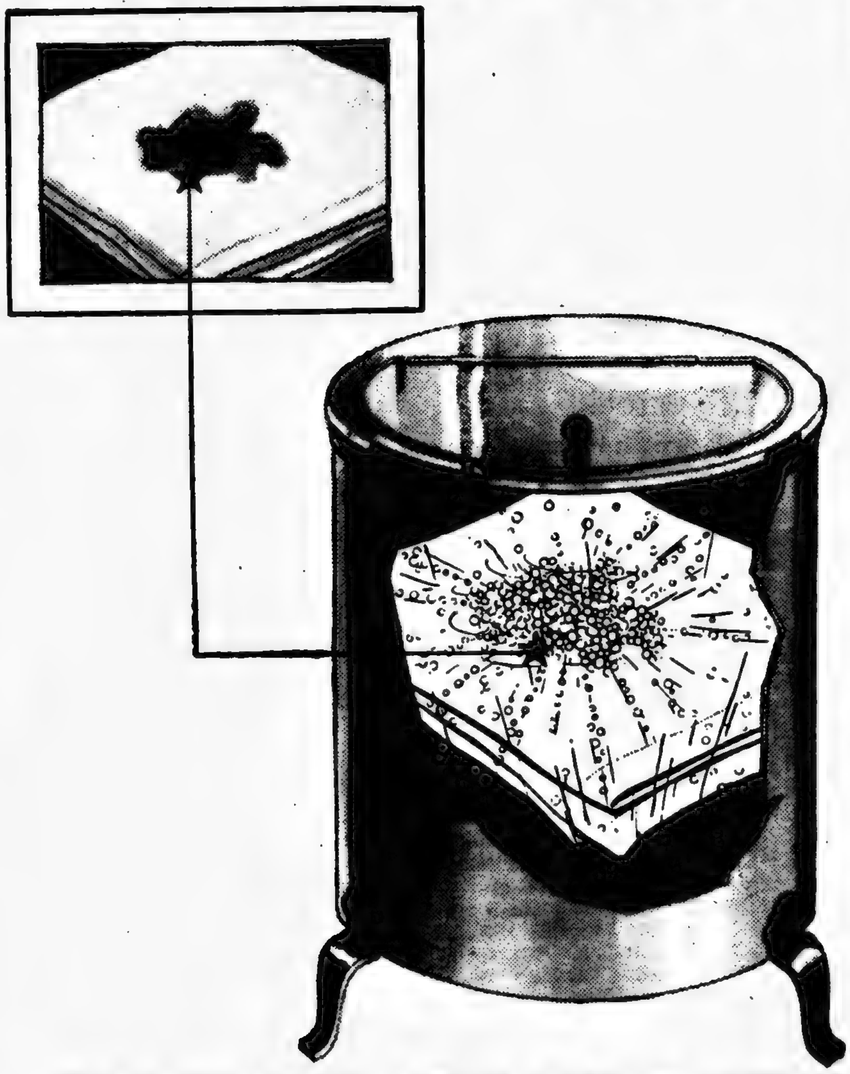
Jolly good tobacco

The moment Persil soapsuds meet dirt or stains

they go for every speck with LIVING OXYGEN!

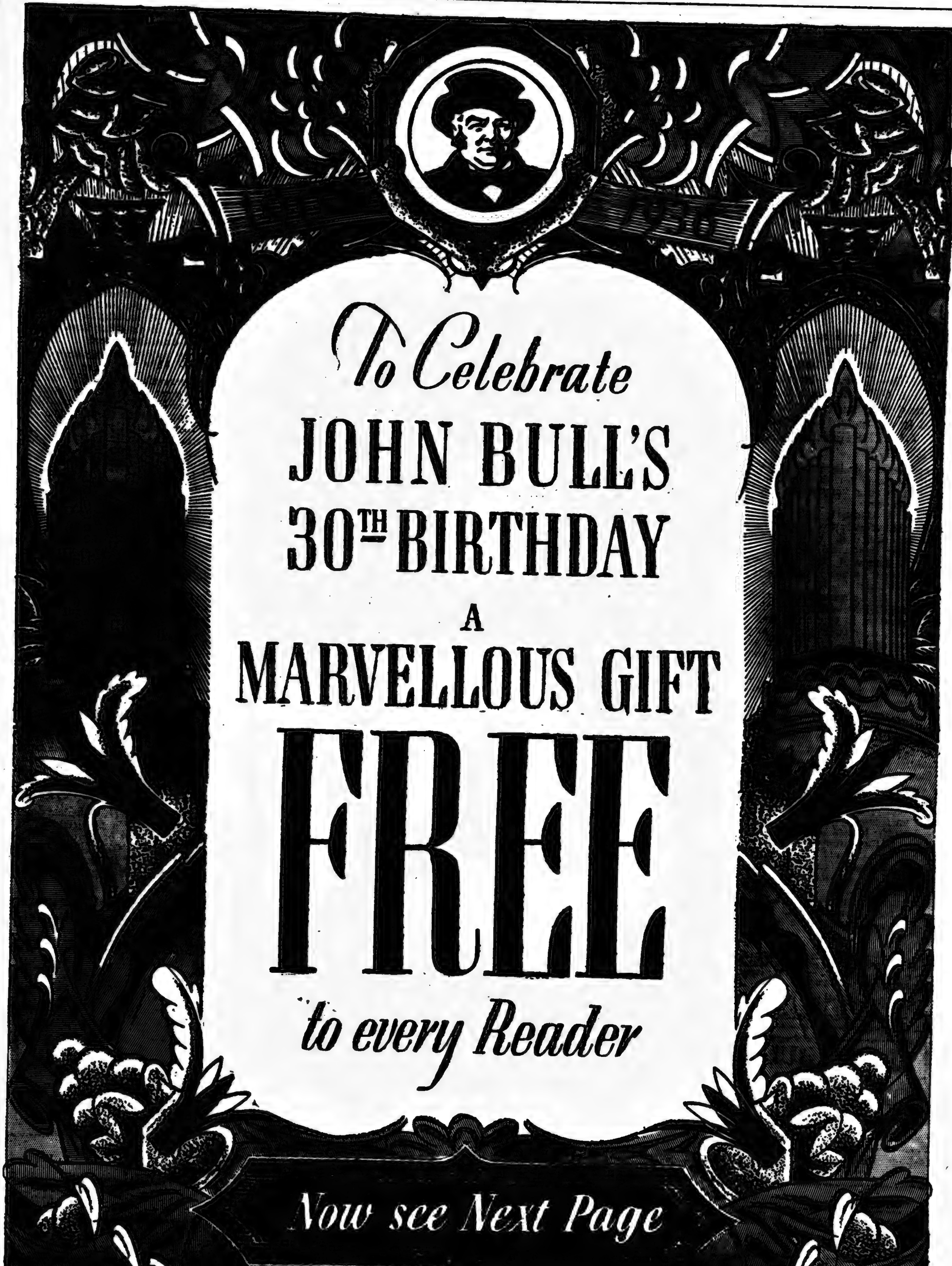


THAT CLEANSING ACTION GOES ON UNTIL EVERY TRACE OF DIRT HAS GONE!

The minute Persil soapsuds touch dirt—it's like a miracle! Instantly they are seething round, soaking into it. In next to no time they've chased every speck of dirt away, leaving just clean pure fabric—fresh as the day you bought it. The reason is, Persil's soapsuds contain live oxygen. As soon as they come in contact with dirt that cleansing oxygen streams forth—active oxygen with which no trace of dirt can live! That's the secret of Persil's extraordinary cleansing powers. That's why Persil gets everything so radiantly white—as no ordinary washing can possibly do.

Persil The Amazing Oxygen Washer

PER 489-344-65



To Celebrate

JOHN BULL'S 30TH BIRTHDAY

A

MARVELLOUS GIFT

FREE

to every Reader

Now see Next Page

Here it is! and FR

JOHN BULL'S STUPENDOUS 30TH BIRTHDAY GIFT

The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries

"John Bull" is 30 years old this week! That is the big and happy occasion which has inspired "John Bull" to announce to-day a stupendous 30th Birthday Celebration Gift—FREE—to every one of its readers—a Gift that is the greatest, most fascinating and most enthralling work of its kind in the world—"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS AND MYSTERIES."

This great Presentation is **something completely new**—specially prepared for the occasion. "John Bull" readers will be the **very first** to know the secrets between its covers.

And what a Book it is! 768 pages! Nearly 300,000 words! Nearly five times as much as many a standard work of fiction. F-I-F-T-Y great stories that will hold you spellbound, by 50 great masters of mystery. A library of thrills and mysteries in one beautifully-bound volume!—well worthy of the title of "Public Thriller No. 1."

And listen! It has a novel feature of its own—A SEALED SECTION—but more about that later!

There are stories in this book that will make you glance furtively over your shoulder as you read them—others that will fascinate so that you will not be able to put down the book until you've finished—others that really will make you feel as if "each individual hair is standing on end"—and then there is the **SEALED SECTION**—nine super stories for those who like their thrillers NEAT. This section is under seal at the end of the book. It is up to you to break it or not, as you please. **Resist it if you can!!**

There are 66 illustrations in this volume—including portraits of the Authors and 17 specially drawn full-page pictures by well-known artists.

And now for the book itself. It is printed throughout in large, clear type and measures 8¾ in. deep by 5¾ in. wide—A real **Library** volume—superbly bound in stiff covers of Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. A decorative design is embossed on the foot of the spine and on the front of the volume and there are specially designed end-papers.

For those who would like this Gift Volume in a binding of unusual dignity and beauty there is an exquisite De Luxe Edition bound in rich deep Red, Antique finish Art. Leather, with title and bands on spine embossed **in real 22-carat gold.**

This is a book of a thousand thrills—look at the Authors and look at the titles in the list in the next column!

1	**ALAN, A. J.**	*The Diver*
2	**ARLEN, Michael**	*The Ghoul of Golders Green*
3	**BENNETT, Arnold**	*The Murder of the Mandarin*
4	**BERESFORD, J. D.**	*Powers of the Air*
5	**BLACKWOOD, Algernon**	*Keeping His Promise*
6	**BULLETT, Gerald**	*Dearth's Farm*
7	**CHESTERTON, G. K.**	*The Hammer of God*
8	**CHRISTIE, Agatha**	*The Blue Geranium*
9	**CONRAD, Joseph**	*The Secret Sharer*
10	**COPPARD, A. E.**	*The Tiger*
11	**DE LA MARE, Walter**	*The Looking Glass*
12	**DE MAUPASSANT, Guy**	*The Hostelry*
13	**DUNSANY, Lord**	*A Large Diamond*
14	**FARNOL, Jeffery**	*The Cupboard*
15	**FLETCHER, J. S.**	*The Other Sense*
16	**HANSFORD JOHNSON, Pamela**	*Ghost of Honour*
17	**HENRY, O.**	*Roads of Destiny*
18	**HERIOT, C. D.**	*The Trapdoor*
19	**HOFFMAN, C. F.**	*Ben Blower's Story*
20	**HOOD, Tom**	*The Shadow of a Shade*
21	**HUXLEY, Aldous**	*The Dwarfs*
22	**IRVING, Washington**	*Guests from Gibbet Island*
23	**JAMES, M. R.**	*The Mezzotint*
24	**JEROME, Jerome K.**	*The Dancing Partner*
25	**LAWRENCE, D. H.**	*The Woman Who Rode Away*
26	**MAUGHAM, W. Somerset**	*Honolulu*
27	**ONIONS, Oliver**	*Rooum*
28	**PAIN, Barry**	*The Green Light*
29	**PHILLPOTTS, Eden**	*The Iron Pineapple*
30	**PRIESTLEY, J. B.**	*The Demon King*
31	**PUSHKIN, Alexander**	*The Queen of Spades*
32	**QUILLER-COUCH, Sir Arthur**	*The Seventh Man*
33	**"SAKI"**	*Laura*
34	**SEABROOK, W. B.**	*Goat-Cry, Girl-Cry*
35	**SINCLAIR, May**	*The Mahatma's Story*
36	**STACPOOLE, H. de Vere**	*Deep in the Forest*
37	**STEVENSON, R. L.**	*The Isle of Voices*
38	**WALLACE, Edgar**	*The Man of the Night*
39	**WALPOLE, Hugh**	*Major Wilbraham*
40	**WELLS, H. G.**	*The Inexperienced Ghost*
41	**WEST, Rebecca**	*The Salt of the Earth*

The Sealed Section

In this section are nine stories under seal—super-thrillers you may read or not as you please.

42	**BENSON, E. F.**	*The Confession of Charles Linkworth*
43	**BIERCE, Ambrose**	*The Moonlit Road*
44	**HARTLEY, L. P.**	*A Visitor from Down Under*
45	**HODGSON, W. H.**	*The Voice in the Night*
46	**JACOBS, W. W.**	*His Brother's Keeper*
47	**POE, Edgar Allan**	*Berenice*
48	**SMITH, A. E. D.**	*The Coat*
49	**STOKER, Bram**	*The Squaw*
50	**WREN, P. C.**	*Presentiments*

In order to make it as easy as possible for you to get your FREE Volume your GIFT VOUCHER is in your hands now—**it is actually printed overleaf.** There is nothing to do other than qualify according to the simple directions given.

DO THIS NOW! The very first thing to do is to fill in the Free Presentation Reservation Form (A) and Label below. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify, and MUST be sent to us at once. **Do not send any money with these forms. Be sure to indicate which Edition you want reserved—also, at the same time indicate on your Gift Voucher overleaf the Edition you have chosen.**

On receipt of the Free Presentation Reservation Form and Label below, "John Bull" will send you its official 30th Birthday Gift Certificate Guaranteeing you a **FREE** copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." At the same time your volume will be put in hand to be printed and bound in the Edition you specify, ready for dispatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately your completed Gift Voucher is received.

OVERLEAF you will find your Gift Voucher on which you begin right away to qualify for your Free Volume. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and to affix to it 13 tokens, "B" series, from 13 separate issues of "John Bull." You can begin this week with Token "B.22" which appears in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue.

Remember this great 30th Birthday Gift is FREE—all you send with your completed Voucher is 1/- (one shilling), to cover carriage, packing and insurance, etc. What a Gift! You'll be sorry indeed if you miss it.

IMPORTANT. It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull." If he should not already hold your order, hand him the Order Form (B) below to-day.

APPLY AT ONCE! CLOSING JUNE 11.

Thursday next, June 11, is the last day for receiving applications from this announcement. THE ONLY WAY to make certain of your Free Gift of "THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS AND MYSTERIES" is to FILL IN AND POST THE FORMS BELOW RESERVING YOUR GIFT RIGHT AWAY.

No reader may apply for more than one Free 30th Birthday Celebration Gift.

IMPORTANT It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent holds a written order from you for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull."

If he does NOT already hold your Written Order YOU MUST HAND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT THE FORM BELOW TO-DAY!

B "JOHN BULL"
TWOPENCE WEEKLY.
Order Form
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

TO ....
(NAME OF NEWSAGENT)

ADDRESS ....

....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Date ________ ....

DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Send no Money with this Form.

"John Bull's" 30th Birthday Gift to its Readers.

A "THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS & MYSTERIES"

FREE PRESENTATION RESERVATION FORM

This Special Reservation Form MUST be received by not later than first post Thursday, June 11.

Post to: "John Bull" (Dept. J.M.1),
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2

This form reserves in your name "John Bull's" FREE 30th Birthday Gift, "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries."

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name a FREE copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." The newsagent (whose name and address are below for verification purposes) holds my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull." I certify I have not previously reserved one of these volumes. Please send me by return an acknowledgment of my Reservation and a special GIFT CERTIFICATE guaranteeing in my name my FREE Gift Volume. The Edition I wish reserved is indicated below:

STANDARD EDITION {You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.} **DE-LUXE EDITION**

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

Reader's Signature ....
Address ....
....
Newsagent's Name ....
Address ....
Date ________ ....

Checked and Verified
....
District Supervisor

"John Bull," 6/6/36

IMPORTANT—You may send this Form with Label in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp and, if you are NOT already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you may save postage by enclosing with it the Registration Form for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance, which is on page [illegible] of this issue of "John Bull."

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME ....

Full Postal
ADDRESS ....

....

....

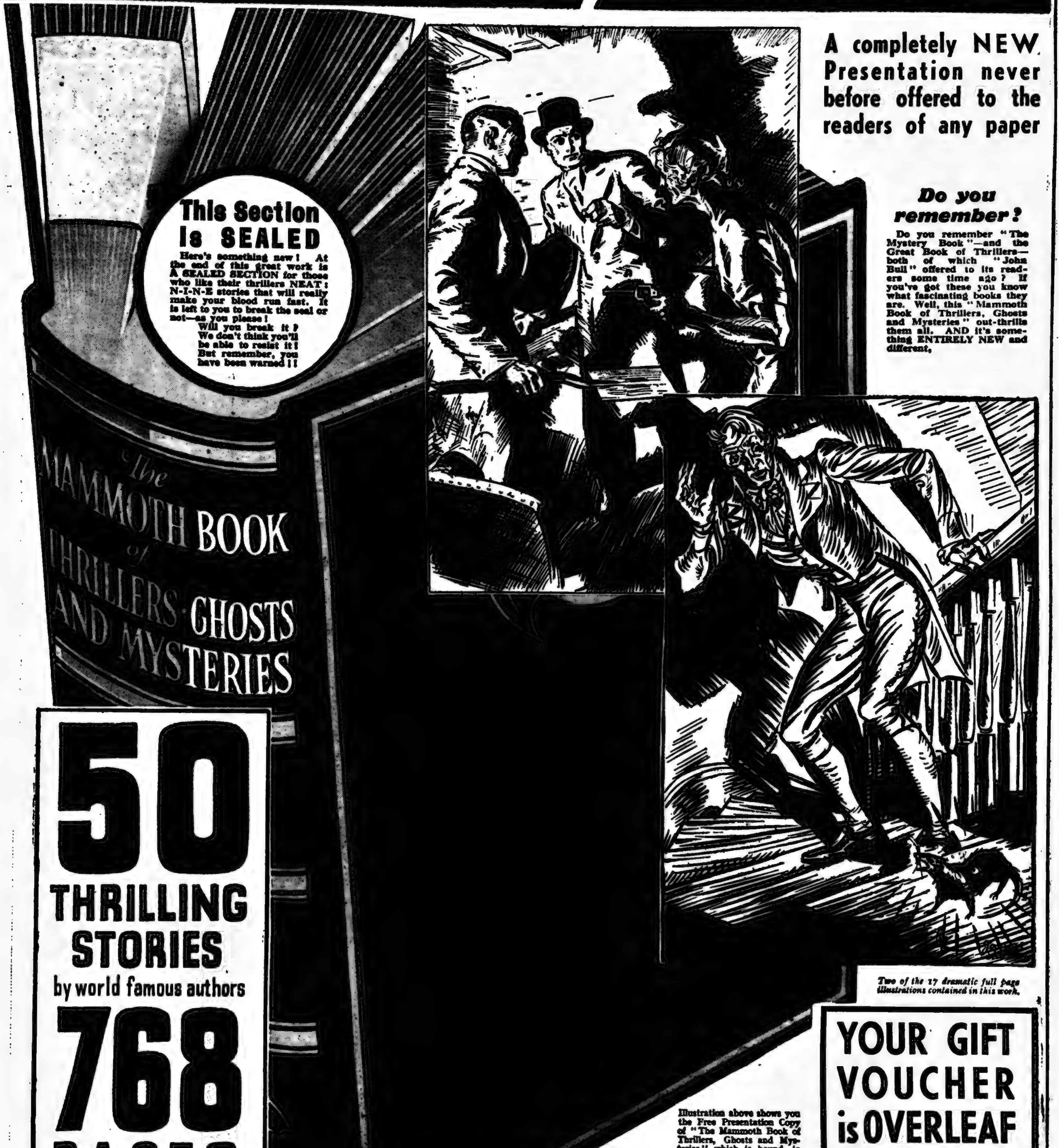
....

J.B.1. T.G.M.

PLEASE KEEP THIS CAREFULLY FOR REFERENCE

REE to every reader

A completely NEW Presentation never before offered to the readers of any paper



This Section Is SEALED

Here's something new! At the end of this great work is A SEALED SECTION for those who like their thrillers NEAT: N-I-N-E stories that will really make your blood run fast. It is left to you to break the seal or not—as you please!

Will you break it? We don't think you'll be able to resist it! But remember, you have been warned!!

Do you remember?

Do you remember "The Mystery Book"—and the Great Book of Thrillers—both of which "John Bull" offered to its readers some time ago? If you've got these you know what fascinating books they are. Well, this "Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" out-thrills them all. AND it's something ENTIRELY NEW and different,

Two of the 17 dramatic full page illustrations contained in this work.

Illustration above shows you the Free Presentation Copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which is bound in Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. The actual size of the volume is 8½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide.

50
THRILLING STORIES
by world famous authors
768
PAGES

YOUR GIFT VOUCHER is OVERLEAF ☞

"John Bull's" Stupendous 30th Birthday Gift

FREE TO EVERY READER

IN the Special announcement on the preceding pages "John Bull" invites every one of its readers to accept—as a FREE 30th Birthday Celebration Gift—the Book of a thousand thrills—"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS AND MYSTERIES"—*a completely new Presentation never before offered to the readers of any paper*. It contains 50 stories by 50 of the world's greatest writers of thrilling fiction, 768 pages, nearly 300,000 words. This magnificent volume is illustrated with portraits of the authors and 17 powerful full-page black and white drawings, including a striking frontispiece. Your Free Presentation Reservation Form (**A**) for this enthralling book is on the preceding centre pages. To reserve your volume you must **post this form at once**. Your Gift Voucher, on which you qualify, *and which you keep carefully, is actually printed below—in your hands now without waiting.* Now turn back to the preceding pages and act at once. Post Reservation form (**A**) without delay. Everyone will want a Free copy of this magnificent edition of this sensational work of fiction. Let your Reservation be amongst the first!

IMPORTANT—Keep the Gift Voucher and "Books with Care" Label below very carefully and send them in when completed with your Thirteen Tokens. Be sure to read the simple directions below.

CUT ALONG DOTTED RULE (Do not separate forms)

B22

Specimen only not to be used

IMPORTANT. On the left is an Illustration showing a specimen Token similar to those you are asked to cut out from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," and to affix to the spaces provided below. Tokens appear each week in the bottom left corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Use gum or paste, NOT pins.

1	
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12
7	13

JOHN BULL'S 30th BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION

FREE GIFT VOUCHER

"The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries"

To: Gift Dept., "John Bull," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that the Thirteen Tokens affixed to this Voucher have been cut from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," purchased from the Newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. **I am NOT qualifying for another volume under this scheme.** I enclose Postal Order for amount, as stated below, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Please send me my copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which you have guaranteed in my name in Edition specified below.

X **VERY IMPORTANT.**—Indicate below AT ONCE the Edition you require (STANDARD or DE LUXE) as specified by you on your Reservation Form. X

→ **You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.** ←

STANDARD EDITION **1/-** which covers cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc. **DE LUXE EDITION** **2/-** which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

No. of P.O.......................Value.......................DATE.......................

Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. **DO NOT SEND LOOSE STAMPS.**

Your Signature...

Write clearly below in Block Letters.

YOUR NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS...

....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT ....

ADDRESS...

....

Fill in your name and full postal address on Label on the right and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

LEAVE BLANK
Certified and checked by
....
District Supervisor.

BOOKS WITH CARE

CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME ____________________

Full Postal ADDRESS ____________________

____

____

J.B. If undelivered please return to Depot "John Bull," 46, Castle St., London, W.C.2 **T.O.M.**

Reserve your Gift Volume at once on FORMS INSIDE

Reservations must be sent in early. Don't be too late!

POST WITHOUT DELAY!

HOW TO RESERVE

YOUR Presentation Reservation Form and Label which are on the preceding pages MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Certificate acknowledging your Reservation and guaranteeing your volume.

It is a condition of this Birthday Gift offer that your newsagent holds an order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

HOW TO QUALIFY

Above is the Gift Voucher on which you qualify for your volume. To qualify cut out the token, Series "B," from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with THIRTEEN separate issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the series "B" and commence from No. "B22" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "B22" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED IN CONNECTION WITH THIS OFFER. Having collected THIRTEEN tokens from thirteen separate weekly issues of "John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher by writing on it your name and address and the other details requested.

Write your name and full postal address on the "Books With Care" Label above in BLOCK LETTERS. Then send in your Voucher and the "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the amount as specified on the Voucher according to the Edition you require, to:—

Gift Dept., "John Bull,"
Neal St., Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. *Do not send loose stamps.* Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately dispatched to your home.

SPECIAL NOTE

It is not the wish of "John Bull" that readers who mislay one or two tokens should be disqualified from this scheme. A concession is therefore extended to those who mislay one or two tokens, by accepting thirteen tokens from separate issues within a period of sixteen weeks.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your volume to reach you. **No person may qualify for more than one volume and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.**

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

VICTIMS *of a* SHOCKING MATERNITY HOME EPIDEMIC

32 *Stricken Mothers*

PARENTS the country through will read the facts disclosed below with feelings of consternation.

For they reveal a monstrous condition of affairs in a modern municipal maternity home.

It is only a short time ago that JOHN BULL published a powerful series of articles under the title of "Save the Mothers." Public attention was therein directed to the chaos and inadequacy of the nation's maternity services.

This problem is at the moment in the forefront of Parliamentary consideration, with the passing of the Government Midwives Bill through committee stages in the House of Commons.

As action is being taken to safeguard the mothers and children of the future, the occasion is particularly opportune for us to deal with another aspect of maternity welfare.

In the borough of Ilford—that ever-growing Essex-side suburb of London—there is a municipal maternity home of which the local residents were, until lately, justly proud.

So popular was the home, so many the applicants for admission, that the accommodation for mothers and their babies became inadequate. It became necessary to extend the institution. New wards and buildings equipped in the most up-to-date fashion were opened in appropriate civic ceremony by the Mayor of Ilford towards the end of January of this year.

One of the most modern maternity homes in theland; yet it hasbeen the scene of incredible suffering. Right: Mr. A. H. G. Burton, Medical Officer of Health for Ilford, who is enquiring into the affair

Had to be closed

Ilford claimed to have one of the very best maternity homes in the whole of the country.

Then, at the last monthly meeting of the Ilford Town Council, there appeared a mysterious item on the agenda of committees' reports. It was to this effect:

"Maternity Home: Also submitted letters received from certain residents relative to circumstances which affected their wives whilst in the Maternity Home.

"The Medical Officer of Health reported that it had become necessary to close the Home to further admissions from March 17 to April 2."

For some unexplained reason this wonderful new Maternity Home, designed to serve a district with a population of more than 130,000 people, *had to be closed.*

Our investigations have discovered the reason, and it is one that will shock every parent in the land.

Plainly stated, it is this: An unaccountable outbreak of serious illness occurred among mothers after confinement.

They were so grievously afflicted that they suffered intolerable pain, and were prevented from nursing their children.

One mother after another became infected in this way. The total number of cases exceeded thirty.

In addition, many of the babies were found to be affected with "pemphigus," a form of skin trouble, which impaired their general well-being.

Several of the mothers were so badly stricken that they had to be removed to the Isolation Hospital in Ilford for operations. At one time there were eight mothers from the Maternity Home in the Isolation Hospital.

To show what happened in the Maternity Home it is best to quote specific instances, as under:

Case 1.—Patient entered the Home on March 6. Her view is that the establishment was understaffed and the nurses overworked. She states that the doors of the wards were not soundproof and the screams of patients elsewhere could be heard. Breast trouble developed, and eventually the patient was taken to the Isolation Hospital for an operation. She found seven other mothers who had been to the Maternity Home in the hospital with her. All these mothers were unable to feed their babies.

Case 2.—This patient also went to the Isolation Hospital for an operation after her confinement. In addition, the baby was sent to the hospital with pemphigus. The patient complains of lack of attention at the home. The nurses were so busy that when a patient rang her bedside bell, no matter how urgently she needed assistance, a wait of fifteen minutes was quite common.

Case 3.—Payment to the Maternity Home was made by the husband of this patient at the rate of £4 15s. a week. Certain difficulties arose with this mother, as her baby could not take food in the usual way.

Heavy bills

Special treatment was necessary, as a result of which the patient contends that she was accidentally injured. An abscess supervened. The patient was taken to her own home for an operation. The husband had to engage a private nurse for three weeks, and a housekeeper, in addition to having to meet heavy bills for medical attention. At the age of four and a half weeks the baby weighed 3½ oz. less than at birth.

Case 4.—Patient entered the Maternity Home on March 6, and her baby was born on March 8. Subsequently both mother and child were taken to the Isolation Hospital, the mother with abscess and the baby with pemphigus. The mother remained in the hospital for six and a half weeks.

This dreadful record of suffering and illness could be amplified, but amplification is not necessary.

Enough has been said to show that something was radically wrong at the Ilford Maternity Home during the earlier months of this year.

Obviously this is a matter for public enquiry by the Ministry of Health.

Complaints and allegations must be sifted. That is only common justice for the sake of the staff at the Maternity Home and the mothers themselves.

Ridiculous policy

Indignant husbands whose wives have passed through the Maternity Home and the Ilford Isolation Hospital have laid their indictment before members of the Town Council. But every discussion, so far, has been taken "in committee."

This ridiculous policy of secrecy regarding such tragic happenings at a municipal Maternity Home *must not continue.*

Evidence for any court of enquiry which the Ministry of Health may order is already being prepared by the district associations of ratepayers. Witnesses—mothers and husbands—are ready to testify.

It is unreasonable to suppose or argue that this outbreak among the mothers—involving the most dreadful agony it is possible to imagine—and the skin disorders of the babies were both due to the ordinary risks following confinement.

Consideration must also be given to the question of compensation to the mothers for the pain and injury they have been forced to bear.

Our readers were warned : TREASURE *Quest* FIASCO

Treasure hunters at Cocos returning to their supply ship

BEHIND the recent compulsory winding-up order of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., is a story of a will-o'-the-wisp treasure hunt which has ended most dismally.

Our readers, at least, will share our satisfaction that, while most of the general Press was giving space to the projected expedition to the lonely Cocos Islands, where hidden treasure estimated to be worth £25,000,000 was supposed to be buried, we warned the public to leave the proposition alone.

In fact, our warnings have been repeated at intervals since Treasure Recovery, Ltd., was launched in 1933 with a nominal capital of £75,000.

But, in spite of this, the fact was sufficiently tempting to induce some members of the public to subscribe largely for the five shilling shares of the company.

* * *

No less than £40,000 was thus extracted from credulous people who were told that these five shilling shares would not be obtainable in the near future at less than thirty shillings.

There was even talk of their "having a value of anything between £10 and £30 a share."

Now, with the compulsory winding-up of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., comes the winding-up of the hopes of those who ignored our warnings and invested good money in this fantastic search for legendary treasure on Cocos Island.

Meanwhile at Costa Rica, there had been considerable criticism of the company, and local people who have always been sceptical of the story of fabulous treasure hidden on Cocos Island, were muttering, "we told you so."

Then in April came the news that the permit to search for one year for treasure on Cocos Island, which had been given to Treasure Recovery, Limited, had expired.

The Costa Rican Government then sent two launches to the Island to take off the disappointed searchers, who doubtless were relieved to get back to civilisation.

By this time dreams of the mythical treasure had faded away, and many of those who had set out from England with high hopes had been reduced to despair by their broken hopes and the constant downpour of tropical rain.

There is little doubt that the group of gallant men who joined this expedition in the hope of finding the treasure suffered hardships during their unhappy adventure on Cocos Island.

So this fantastic adventure has petered out, as we declared it would do.

But the attraction of hidden treasure on a tropical island always has an appeal for the investing public. Hard-bitten explorers, technicians and financiers have repeatedly organised expeditions which have set off for this dismal island in the Pacific which drips dismally under tropical rains.

Again and again they return to England minus, but plus experience of hardship and despair.

* * *

If "Bonito of the Bloody Sword" did bury treasure on Cocos Island according to legend, then he did the job so well that expeditions for the past hundred years have failed in their quest.

Our sympathy is with employees of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., who have suffered hardship in a strange country, and with the investors who have also suffered hardship without leaving their native shore.

Meanwhile, we are glad to think that we were at least instrumental in saving others from plunging in this disastrous enterprise.

“I AM GETTING OUT *of*

BIG BO

with

● *Beginning . .*

A Full Exposure

by

DAVE FORBES

(Scotland's undefeated light-heavyweight champion)

WHEN a boxer of any note reaches the end of his career in the ring it is usual for him to write the story of his fights.

There are tributes to doughty opponents, particularly to gallant losers, benign references to sporting gestures and the so-called "romance" of boxing, and ample other evidence that boxers don't write as well as fight "with the gloves on."

Seldom do they say a word about the seamier side of this great national sport—of the young lads with promising careers ahead of them broken and cast on the streets to starve in the interests of managerial profits, of tried and expert boxers pursued across the world by men determined only to stop them earning a livelihood, of human chopping-blocks who earn less than fifteen shillings a week, of the tricks to compel even the best boxers to take a quarter of their dues or never get another engagement, and of all the fraud, deceit and inhuman cruelty that surrounds the sport.

Youthful age

Yet every boxer who has ever written the usual flattery that goes into a fighter's life story knows that all these things go on. But as a rule there isn't enough fight left in him to tell the kind of story I intend to relate through JOHN BULL. . . .

Well, I am quitting the boxing game at the youthful age of twenty-eight. I am getting out in disgust at a time when people are assuring me there are plenty of other fights they could arrange for me. In fact, I made my decision at a time when there were Press references to me as a coming British champion.

I can look back on many reminiscences of the kind that boxers delight to describe when they quit the ring. Forty-eight fights in ten years, with forty-four of them victories, is not an uncrowded career, even if I have voluntarily cut it off short.

Carnera, McCorkindale, Larry Gains, Billy Wells, Len Johnson, Pettifer, Don Shortland, Tommy Milligan, Tommy Laughran—there is hardly a famous heavyweight or light-heavyweight of this generation whom I have not fought in actual contests or exhibition fights. In America I have met and beaten men talked of as coming world champions.

I have seen my man lying unconscious at my feet within 15 seconds of the start, which is almost a record. Picked to represent Britain against Germany, which country was represented by a man with 87 victories and not a single defeat to his credit, I have made that man know what it feels like to lose for the first time.

I have known what it means for Carpentier to come to my dressing-room specially to predict the highest honours for me.

Looking back over ten years of fighting, I see many such pleasant happenings as these. But I look back on other things besides, things that have sickened me of the sport. It will need more courage to reveal them than ever I have been called upon to display in the ring.

To begin with, let us have a good look at what is known as "the boxing game."

At the very top of it you will find the small army of promoters, some of them good, others frankly bad, a few of them indifferent.

Of the good I have only one word of criticism to utter, and that is that while the fighters themselves get all the good hidings, they get all the "plums." Promoters never starve: boxers almost invariably do.

Of the bad I have plenty to say. I have stories of them that will appear incredible even to people who have watched a hundred or more boxing tournaments and think they know the sport from A to Z, yet all based on my actual experiences.

Next we come to the far bigger army of people known as managers, the people who take a boxer under their wing for some such consideration as 25 to 33⅓ per cent. of his earnings, but who are often known to kick him out of the nest under extraordinary circumstances.

Yes, there *are* good managers. I have worked under them. Boxers feel inclined to touch their caps at the mention of their names. They might well be left to the kindness of those fighters I have mentioned who like to pay tribute to as many people as possible in their ring reminiscences.

My concern is with the chisellers, who can manage to leave even a highly successful boxer with a puzzled look on his well-punched head, but no money in his pockets; the out-and-out crooks, such as have been known to say, "You will take a dive in the third round. It has been arranged": the glib confidence tricksters, who find it so easy to get a young boy to sign away his future; and the practitioners of twenty other kinds of frauds, rogueries and deceits who pass under the name of managers.

Not imagination

Every incident I shall relate in connection with these managers and the promoters I have already referred to has been reported by me in fuller detail to my professional union, the National Union of Boxers, to whom I have furnished all details as to names, times and places. You have that guarantee that I am not drawing on my imagination.

After that—the referees, of whom I need merely say that I have never known a "dud." Although I have known the shock and mortification of standing in the ring as a disqualified boxer, I can say nothing worse of any referee in Britain or America than that one or two of them allow themselves, perhaps unconsciously, to be swayed by the mob.

And, last of all, come the boxers. Let us have a special look at them.

There are three thousand in this country in all. Fifty of them can be regarded as top-notchers, in the ranks of whom I have been proud to fight. Have you regarded them as highly paid people who are safe in every case against the financial wiles and wriggles of the sharks and harpies that surround the sport? Don't you believe it.

Some time ago a famous fighter, whose contract said that he would be paid in hundreds if he won a certain fight before thousands of spectators, had less than £50 put in his hands in full settlement when he did win. The National Union of Boxers has full details from independent sources.

The boxing show was quite a success financially. The boxers, especially the one I am mentioning, gave of their best. Certainly there was no doubt whatsoever about the figure mentioned in the contract. And yet that man dumbly accepted a far smaller figure—a sum that would give him precious little over and above his training expenses.

Why? Any boxer in that topmost fifty could give you the answer, for, believe me, this is no rare experience even in the highest flights of boxing.

If that fighter had dared to ask for a penny more than was put into his hands, he would never have got another fight. His manager would have suddenly discovered it was almost impossible to match him—that is, with the type of contest fitted to his reputation.

"Under contract"

Do you suggest that he should break away from that manager forthwith? If he did, at once the

(Continued on page 27)

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# of the GAME IN DISGUST!"

OXING
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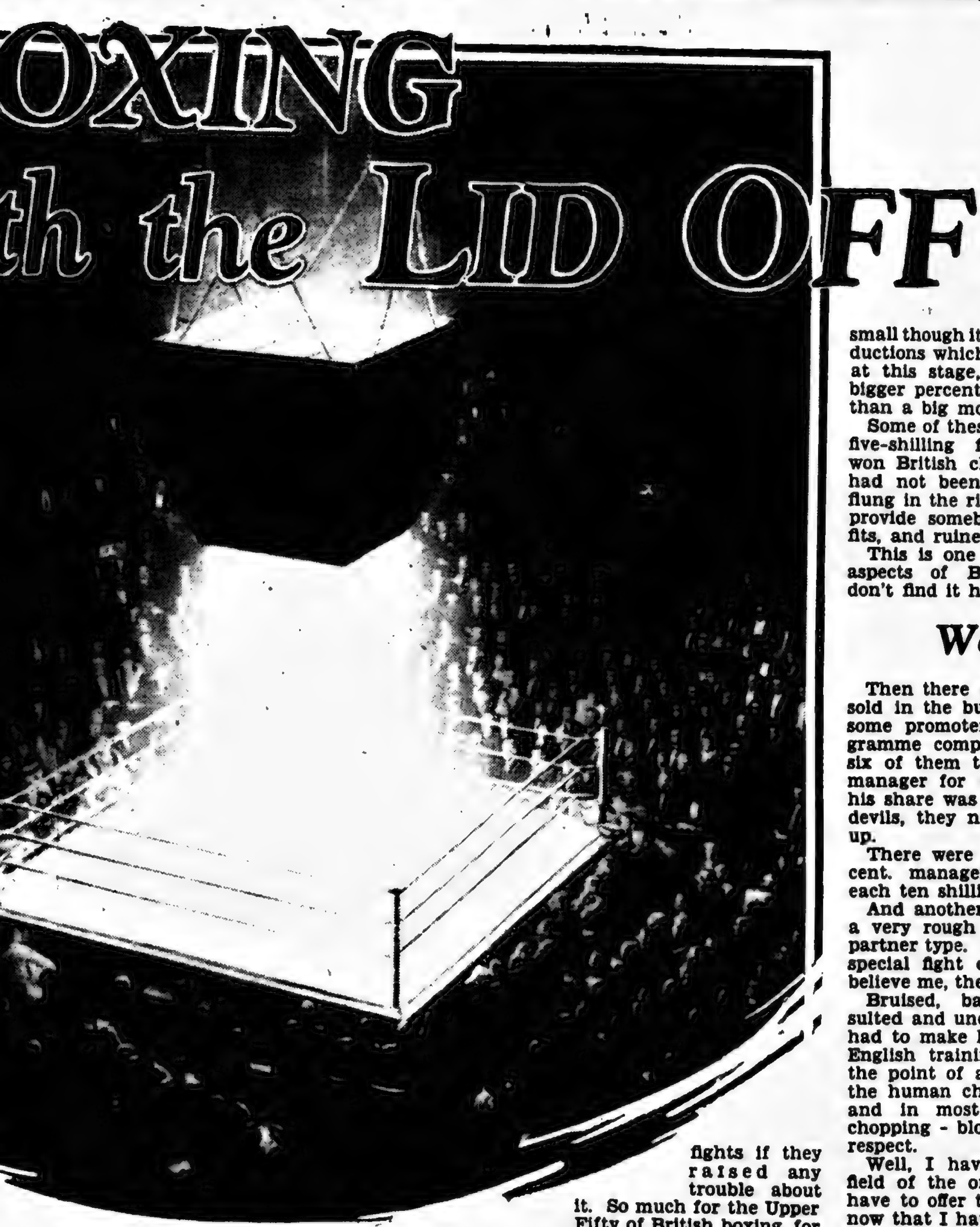


A GRAND GAME! *But for whom? We've all seen and read about the glamour, bright lights, and big money in boxing, but now turn away from such places as the Albert Hall, take a look at the seamy side, revealed to you by a man who has been through it all*

whole boxing world would say to him: "Sorry, old chap, but you are under contract to Mr. So-and-So, you know."

A few months of idleness, the first pangs of starvation, and he would want to run away and try his hand in America. After all, you can soon kill the reputation of the best of boxers if you fail to find him jobs.

And do you know what they would say to him in America? Something like: "Sorry, old pal, but we have a cable from London, and we kinda reckon you're under contract to Mr. So-and-So."

I have heard such words used to an English boxer who has gone to America in the hope of getting engagements there.

And I have seen boxers handed sums representing a mere fraction of the money they are entitled to, knowing a crook manager would somehow fail to get them further fights if they raised any trouble about it. So much for the Upper Fifty of British boxing, for the present.

What of the rest of the three thousand?

There are hundreds of them who cannot earn ten shillings a week. They are usually the people who do most of the fighting. They are the people who fight the hardest, and have the least to say when the verdict is given against them.

Five shillings is their reward for a fight in the majority of the smaller halls; seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings they consider a windfall. I know some big halls that pay the seven-and-sixpence.

Do you know how they live? They walk the country as tramps, in many cases, sleeping in hedges and hayricks by night. Often they go into a real gruelling fight on a diet of bread-crusts given them by kindly householders.

One such boy walked all the way from Wales to London recently—to fight at a London hall. Within a few hours he was in the ring, his tattered boots removed. Fight? Like a Trojan, for he was fighting for his very life.

The National Union of Boxers, which has his name, can tell you what he was paid. It was five shillings. These are the boxers who have often put up wonderfully exciting preliminary bouts on nights when the "big guns"—carefully trained and fed, and interviewed from day to day by the newspapers — fail dismally.

Too often, when they go to collect their money, they do not get it in full, small though it may be. There are deductions which I will not enter into at this stage, often comprising a bigger percentage of their earnings than a big money man has to pay.

Some of these poor, bemused little five-shilling fighters might have won British championships if they had not been exploited too early, flung in the ring at a tender age to provide somebody with quick profits, and ruined as a result.

This is one of the most sinister aspects of British boxing. You don't find it happening in America.

Worth it

Then there are the men who are sold in the bundle, so to speak, to some promoter who buys his programme complete. I have known six of them to be hired from one manager for £10. Each was told his share was ten shillings! Poor devils, they never troubled to add up.

There were deductions of 25 per cent. manager's commission from each ten shillings.

And another class that is getting a very rough deal is the sparring partner type. I am going to make a special fight on their behalf, and, believe me, they are worth it.

Bruised, battered, starved, insulted and under-paid, one of them had to make his get-away from an English training camp recently at the point of a revolver. They are the human chopping-blocks of life, and in most cases an ordinary chopping - block enjoys greater respect.

Well, I have covered the broad field of the only "recollections" I have to offer to the sporting public now that I have quit boxing with a happy heart.

From now on I can do my looking back over thirteen years of boxing in a more detached way.

I can be as detached as I was to a little boy I met last week. His mother served me with a meal at a restaurant one Sunday. She told me she was trying to do Sunday work so that her small son could learn to be a boxer. That's why I met him. I said to that mother: "You let me talk to him first."

Day-dreams

Well, I talked to him all right, like this:

"When I was a lad your age I was one of a big family in Aberdeenshire, and three of us, all brothers of pretty much the same age, boxed among ourselves whenever we got a chance.

"One day a book by the great Jim Driscoll came my way, and I learned about boxing something I never thought possible, how a look in a man's eye or a movement of a muscle would tell you what to do.

"Well, from then on I used to day-dream about the time when I would be the world's champion. I surprised my brothers. I surprised other people as well. I tried to work my will on mother, just as you are trying to do. Gradually I overcame her prejudices.

"Then, one day, when we had moved nearer to Glasgow, I sailed out with one of my brothers to a fairground, saw a row of boxers file out in front of a boxing booth, heard a challenge flung out to the crowd, and all of a sudden, marvelling at my own boldness, put up my hand to accept.

"I was after the massive silver cup they held up outside, a beautiful glittering affair. That's just how they announced it: 'A massive silver cup for the winner.' And there I was, frightened to death by the hurdy-gurdy music and the spitting of naptha flares, tearing my clothes off to win it.

"Well, I won my fight all right, boxing under the name of Stewart. I pegged away with a natural left, and won on points. Once I knocked my opponent down—but how slowly the referee counted!

"But the cup? Ah, I had to fight again, in half an hour's time. He was a bigger and stronger opponent this time, but again I won on points.

"No, the massive silver cup was not mine yet. I had to fight in the final a fortnight hence, and promptly to time I was there.

"I remember that the man I was to meet came and talked to me with a bored air in the tube of dirty canvas I used as a dressing-room. That I know to-day, was to frighten me. And when I got into the Ring, there he was in flannel trousers. Another effort to unnerve me.

"Yet though he was three stones heavier than myself I was able to knock him out in the third round of a terrific contest—helped by the fact that one of the booth workers who acted as my second betrayed his weak points to me.

She cried . .

"Well, I got the massive silver cup all right, before 1,800 people who had paid considerably increased prices to see this so-called final.

"My brother and I had to fight to get our huge trophy through the dense crowd outside. Then we ran the five miles home to tell mother, who had no idea I had actually started boxing.

"She was upset, I remember. Then, like a good Scots housewife, she got on with her job of seeing that her boy was kept fit.

"A week after that I arrived home to find her dismayed again. The massive silver cup was on the table before her. It had turned to lead.

"Again, like a good Scots housewife, she had tried to polish it up. And it all peeled off on her cloth.

"I looked at that cup, the first thing anybody connected with my family had ever won in sport. It was as black as the coal in the grate. I have got it to-day."

All through the recital of my first experience in public boxing the little boy listened with ever-widening eyes. When I described the leaden cup there was disillusionment written all over his face.

"Why are you keeping it," he asked me.

"I am keeping it," I said, "because it is typical of so much I have seen of boxing in thirteen years of it, spent in this country and America."

How far that is true you will be able to judge for yourself.

Next Week:

BRIBED—TO LOSE!

TIME TO PUT THE BLANKETS AWAY FOR SUMMER...

THEY'LL HAVE TO BE WASHED FIRST– WHAT A JOB!
WELL.. LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO WASH BLANKETS..
I DID MINE WITH OXYDOL. IT WASHES BLANKETS SO EASILY YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES.
THIS OXYDOL LATHER IS WONDERFUL – NO HARD RUBBING YET THE DIRT IS ROLLING OUT
OXYDOL
MM! THE WOOL IS ALL SOFT AND LOVELY! OXYDOL LATHER IS CERTAINLY WONDERFUL FOR BLANKETS.
OXYDOL

OXYDOL whisks up into a great mass of lather that is so thick and rich you can actually feel its extra creaminess with your hands. Rich, creamy Oxydol lather works right through the thick texture of heavy blankets and floats out all the dirt with absolute safety leaving the wool fresh, soft and springy. Try Oxydol for *your* blankets. Big packet 3½d., giant size 6d., at all dealers.

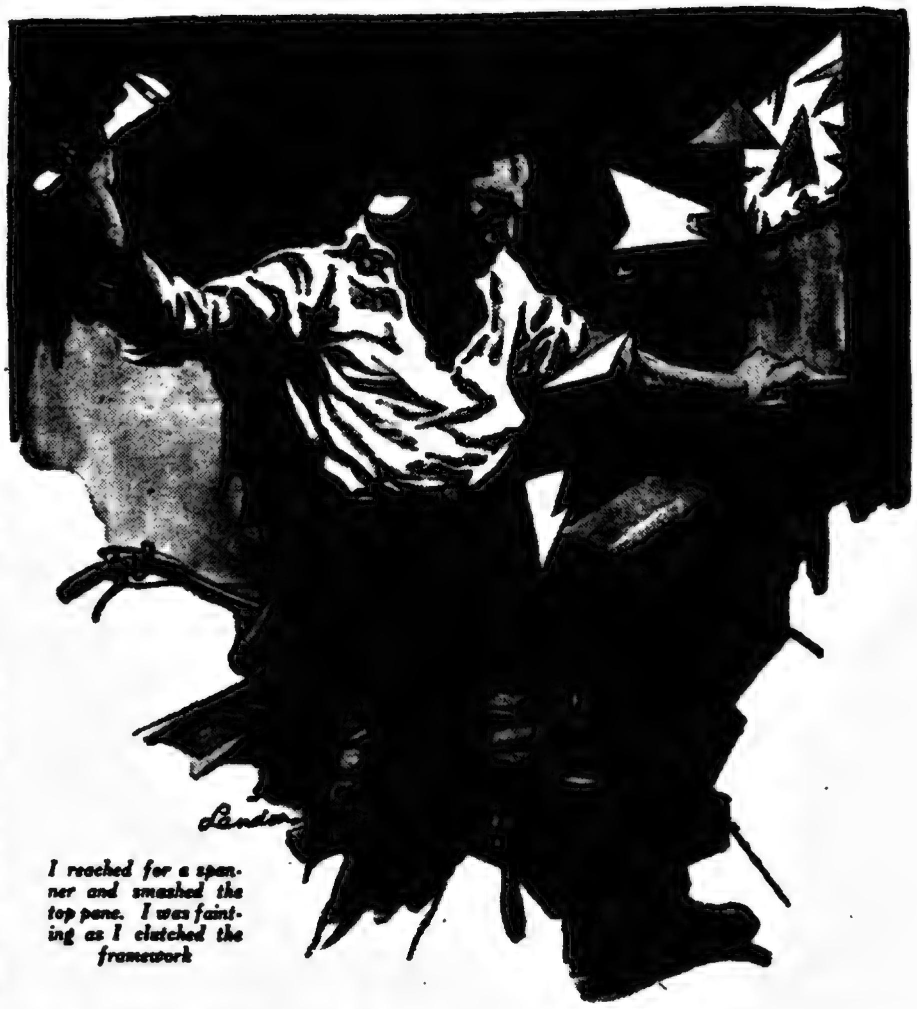
OXYDOL GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF RICHER SUDS

OXYDOL WASHES UP FAST AND CLEAN GETS RID OF GREASE-MAKES DISHES GLEAM

Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle on Tyne & Manchester

His Nightmare

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories



I reached for a spanner and smashed the top pane. I was fainting as I clutched the framework

FIVE years ago. A bitterly cold morning, with the yellow fog creeping up insidiously from the near-by River Thames, its usual cluster of high masts just discernible from the East India Dock Road.

And, limping miserably along that same road, a young man—a "down and out"—gritting his teeth fiercely together to choke down the useless complaints against a too hard Fate; against the biting cold; the hopeless prospect that lay ahead. . . .

I was the young man. With no job, "dole" or friends, life was looking extremely black. Well, at least, I could walk to keep warm. . . .

A smothered imprecation coming through the blanket of fog aroused me from my dreary meditations. I had cannoned into a man—a big man, clad in greasy overalls. He loomed up before me like the side of a house, completely blocking my way.

As was to be expected in one of his size, his voice was a booming rumble: "'Ere, 'old up, mate; perhaps you're the very feller I'm looking for. Do you want a job?"

✕ ✕ ✕

A job! To bump into a prospective employer in the thick of a London fog, after days—weeks—of hopelessness! Were *all* the angels of the same huge stature that he was, I wondered, and gulped out a feeble assent.

Nodding his head, he led the way to a near-by café, and over a good meal he began to explain the situation. I was to be his unskilled assistant in the little business that he was beginning to find a shade too much for him.

Sensing the fact that I was a derelict as soon as he had come into contact with me, he saw in it an opportunity for us both.

The "business" was the reconditioning and ultimate resale of old motor-cycles. Frankly, although things were going along nicely, he could not find enough work or wages for a skilled mechanic. "But," as he finished lamely, "it might give you a leg up to earn a few shillings, youngster."

The bargain was struck, and we started work on the first job—the wheeling back to the "garage" of the first of a series of six ex-G.P.O. motor-cycles and side-carriers from a yard in Holloway where they had been dumped.

A word about the "garage." This was a converted stable in a little alley off the Mile End Road. There was but one small window, glazed with dirt and tightly closed. Beyond that there was practically no ventilation of any other sort. The two tightly fitting wooden doors were kept wide open during the day, and, closing inwards, were secured with a steel bar and a padlock at night.

The Greatest of These

Physical Wreck

THIS photo of twelve-year-old Hannah was taken when she was performing at a school concert. Her father and his seven brothers, three of whom were killed, all served in the war.

Hannah's dad has for some time been suffering from severe trouble with his throat and tongue.

"It is painful to see such a man," writes one who has known him all his life, "who had the strength and courage of a lion, now a physical wreck. It would be difficult to find a more deserving case."

Hannah's father, due to his sickness, is in very poor circumstances. "I am not," he says, "receiving any unemployment pay, being unavailable for work, and I am not getting any National Health Insurance, having run out of benefit. I have a wife and two children, one aged twelve and one aged fifteen. The latter is earning on an average 9s. a week."

This, with 16s. a week "relief" allowed, brings the household's income to about 25s. a week, when he is at home.

Hannah's afflicted dad bears a sound character, and we shall be grateful for donations earmarked "Hannah" for his help.

These, and subscriptions intended for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Numberless parts of old engines, wheels, etc., strewed the floors and benches; the idea being to utilise, say, a sound engine from one machine on to the reconditioned frame of the other. The six G.P.O. machines had been contracted for as scrap.

We began the work of dismantling the first of them, and as this machine was needed urgently, we hammered away until ten o'clock, when we "downed tools" for the day.

Then I accompanied the big man to supper, and at its conclusion was forced to tell him, a little shamefacedly, that I had nowhere to spend the night. For some little time he ruminated, then, struck with an idea, said:

"Well, if I give you the little money that you've earned every evening you'll be just as bad off at the end of the week. Why not sleep in the "garage" and save the money that you would have to pay for lodgings? I can make you quite comfortable, and I don't suppose that you're over-squeamish about it, considering your position."

✕ ✕ ✕

There was really nothing to hesitate about, as the advantage was too obvious, so I gratefully accepted the offer. But had I known how near death it was to bring me, I should have thought twice!

So back to the "garage" we went. First came a good wash, while he went to fetch a blanket. It was still very cold, and I shivered at the touch of the icy water; but also I was beginning to feel a little sleepy.

Soon the big man returned, a smile mantling his red face. Clearing the tools and impedimenta away from a corner, he began to spread the blanket, then stopped as if smitten by a sudden inspiration.

"Look 'ere, mate," he said. "There's no need to sleep on the floor at all. How about shaking down in there?" and he pointed to the side-carrier that we had detached from the G.P.O. motor-cycle.

It certainly looked inviting. It was a long box, about six feet by four, and was about three feet deep. Painted on the side were the words "Royal Mail," and I wondered idly how many thousands of letters it must have carried before it became obsolete and passed out of service.

The lid was strongly reinforced with iron bands inside and possessed a self-acting lock. The last item was our only cause for anxiety.

"I know these locks," said my companion. "Slam the lid down, and you can't open it without a key. But there's a hook here that I can screw into the lid. 'Ere, let me show you."

Quickly he screwed a large brass hook into the top of the lid, then taking a piece of string from his pocket, he tied one end to the hook. The other end he secured to a large nail in one of the low rafters.

"There," he said, arranging the blanket in the box. "There's a lovely bed for you, mate. I'll leave the electric fire burning all night to keep you warm, and I'll lock you in so that you won't be disturbed."

"I hope," I said nervously, "that the string holds!"

"Easily!" he replied reassuringly. "The lid won't fall tied up like that, and you'll be quite all right. Good-night."

With the padlock and key in his hand he made for the door, then paused to indulge in a heavy bit of humour. "If the lid *does* fall," he said laughingly, "well—you'll wake up and think that you are in your coffin! That box is just about the same size!"

The joke that nearly came true.

By this time I had climbed into the strange bed. Sleep was already stealing *was Real . . .*

Boxed Up Alive!

over me as I settled my head on the improvised pillow. Drowsily I heard him lock the doors outside and secure them further by the steel bar and padlock. And almost before his footsteps had died away I was asleep.

I began to dream. Someone was bending over me as I lay, and that someone was doing things to my throat. First a gentle tickling, and then a slight pressure, that slowly, almost imperceptibly, increased as the hands found a stronger grip.

The surprise seemed to prevent me from waking up; and it was not until I was on the verge of choking that I started up from sleep. Had I got out of the improvised cot there and then things would have been vastly different; but the whole shadowy place seemed to be swimming round before my eyes, and I lay back to steady myself.

* * *

As I sank back, something seemed to flash above my head — something that came down with a terrific crash. The lid *had* fallen. I was trapped.

Only too well I knew what that choking feeling meant. In the tiny workshop, with its one small window jammed shut, the doors locked and barred, the fumes from engine-testing still lurking about, the situation was ghastly enough with the lid open.

But with the lid shut. What possible chance was there left to me? What hopes of living until the morning? It would be at least eight hours before my employer returned.

Eight hours against a matter of minutes. Fighting for composure I lay there, and the words of the big man came floating back to my ears: "*An automatic lock . . . slam the lid down and you can't open it without a key. . . .*" And his good-natured joke: "If the lid *does* fall you'll wake up and think that you're in your coffin! . . . a lovely bed for you, mate . . ."

A lovely bed; a lovely coffin; a living death inside it from the slow agonies of suffocation. I was locked in the box—the "garage" was locked—and, fool that I was, I was doomed beyond help.

Grimly, I set my teeth. How long before the small amount of air left to me in this close darkness was totally exhausted?

How long before a merciful blackness blotted me out for ever?

* * *

Of what use was it to shout—to beat feebly against the sides of my prison? I hadn't one ghost of a chance in a million of anyone being outside even if they *could* hear me.

No, I could only accept the end with what fortitude I might be able to muster and pray that that end might not be too long in arriving.

Already I was panting, with the sweat pouring down my face and neck. Air! Air!

So this *was* the end—a gradual coma stealing over me—a sleepiness that began to bring a recapitulation of the events of the day.

The hopelessness of the morning, the fog, the big man looming out of the murk. Perhaps I was growing light-headed as the relentless seconds slipped by, bringing me nearer to death.

Over and over again I re-lived the hours that had passed—hours that now seemed so precious. Again I savoured the welcome taste of food after a period of hunger; the jokes that we had cracked as we worked together that day; the firm grasp of my simple-hearted benefactor's great hand. Over and over and over the scenes milled and jostled in my mind, which raced at lightning speed, although my body seemed stupefied and incapable of movement. Fool!

For the sake of a shilling I could have had a safe, warm bed! Yet, to save a humble coin, I was undergoing a living death. I began to rave out absurdities as the choking blackness pressed inexorably down on my bursting lungs.

Again, the former scenes, passing like a swift panorama through my frenzied brain. The fog .... a job .... our first task, the trip to Holloway for the motor-cycle that bore this same box in which I was now so hopelessly imprisoned.

Lying there in my agony, I could picture again how the big man had inspected the machine critically before taking it away, how he had walked all round it, how he had examined the side-carrier and had even lifted the lid to see if it was empty.

If it was empty .... He had lifted the lid to see if it was empty. Drowsily I began to repeat it like a child: "He had lifted the lid ...."

And then my heart seemed to stop, to miss a beat, and then stop again. The realisation of the phrase left me cold and trembling. *He had lifted the lid!* And more than that, he had closed it again! I strove to think—think! And—yes!—he had lifted it again to put the blanket in! The automatic lock had failed twice!

It must be out of order. At least I could *try* to open it, now I knew that! Summoning up all my failing strength, I rolled over, got my shoulder under the heavy lid, and pushed. For one agonising moment there was no response, then slowly—slowly—it began to yield!

It was almost as stuffy in the "garage" when I thankfully climbed out, as the electric fire had exhausted most of the air in the place. Weak as I was, I determined to find out what *had* actually happened to the lid.

The first clue was provided by the string that lay dangling on the floor, one end still secured to the brass hook. The other end was tied round a large bent nail; and I realised just what had happened.

The weight of the lid had pulled the nail slowly out, and my sitting up in the box had added the final touch. Now for the lock.

Defective. To test this I slammed the lid down several times and opened it again. And even in spite of the danger of the place I could appreciate the humour of the big man's actions.

Although he knew that automatic locks were standard on all these G.P.O. carriers, and although he had opened the box twice, such was his childlike faith in the Government that he had never paused to think *why* the lock had not acted!

Therefore, he had assured me in all seriousness of the danger of the lid falling, and had even gone so far as to rig up the string to prevent it! Later on I was to find out just how lucky I was when I learned that out of all of the dozens of side-carriers that the G.P.O. disposed of, *that in which I so nearly met my death was practically the only one that possessed a defective lock!*

* * *

Although the worst was over, I was not yet out of danger. There was still the fact to be faced that in that tiny place the air was practically exhausted. I could not find the switch either to turn on the light or turn off the electric fire; but something had to be done, or my escape from the coffin-like box would have been in vain.

My head was swimming as I tried to think. I must have *air*. The only possible solution lay in the little square window over the littered bench—that *must* be opened, or I should never last till morning.

Somehow I managed to scramble up on to the bench; and, as the window was on the "pivot" variety, pushed as hard as I could, first on the upper half, and then on the lower.

But it remained fast, probably never having been opened for years. I hesitated but one second, then reached for a spanner and smashed the top pane. The action took most of the little strength I had left, and I was fainting as I clung to the framework.

Never in my life have I appreciated fresh air more. It came eddying in, bringing me new life—snatching me back to full consciousness. I remained crouching there until the morning, when the big man came in, bearing a steaming jug of coffee. Somehow, I told him the story, and finished awkwardly with, "I'm sorry I've broken your window!"

His reply was characteristic of his bluff good nature:

"And I've a good mind to break your neck! Thank your lucky stars, young man, that a new window is cheaper than a funeral!"

I joined in his laugh, of course, but I have never been able to forget how near I came to losing my life in that real-life nightmare.

Next Readers' Story:

A FATHER'S poignant story of a blacksheep son's early lapse and of his dramatic atonement in a night of tempest and flood

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says
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GET IT FREE
FOR THE COUPONS FROM 2 PACKETS OF "PUFFED" BRAND WHEAT OR "PUFFED" BRAND RICE!

"An ingenious model . . . will prove much fun" is what C. W. A. Scott said after testing the wonderful QUAKER MODEL GLIDER. The long-distance airman who made three record flights to Australia and has flown from Mildenhall to Melbourne in under three days, found it glided "up or down wind . . . a considerable distance . . . *and by altering an easy adjustment can be made to loop!*"

There's a lot of fun waiting for *you* with this glider, for you can get it *FREE* just by sending in the coupons cut from the side of 2 packets of "PUFFED" WHEAT or "PUFFED" RICE (or one from each).

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To Dept. J.B.3., Quaker Oats Ltd.,
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I enclose two coupons from "Puffed" Wheat *or* "Puffed" Rice, or one from each. Please send me the Special Quaker Glider with full particulars on assembly and flying.

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

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Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope.
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The most delicious lemon barley water you can make or buy
EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY
8½d. bottle: 30 tumblers
No preservative means PERFECT FLAVOUR
A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

Strictly Anonymous . .

I WAS A—FALSE MARTYR

I AM a man who has been sailing under false colours for fourteen years. In the eyes of my relatives and friends I am the object of compassion. "Poor old Craddock," they say. "He used to have a fine job with excellent prospects overseas; but it was a white man's grave and his health broke down. Invalided home, and not a penny of compensation."

Whenever I listen to such speeches I wilt inwardly, for my conscience is wounded to the quick. It is perfectly true that I once held a good job abroad with splendid prospects; but I lost it through my own folly and not, as all my friends believe, through ill fortune.

In fourteen years I have never had the courage to tell the true story. I have lived a continuous lie. I am a false martyr, and if those who now sympathise with me only knew the truth they would treat me with the utmost contempt, and I should deserve it.

Keeping my secret has been a punishment in itself, for my conscience has never let me rest in spite of the length of time that has elapsed. It is for this reason that I welcome the opportunity of taking advantage of JOHN BULL's offer of anonymity in unbosoming myself.

My story begins at the time when, against the wishes of my parents, I decided to get married. In the first place, I was considered too young, for I was little more than twenty. But their chief objection, and I have long realised that it was a sound one, was that I was due to leave the country to take up a position abroad.

It would have been impossible and impracticable for my wife to accompany me, so it meant that there would be an enforced separation for at least four years.

MY father pleaded with me to defer all thought of marriage until my return, but foolishly I refused to listen to his wise counsel and, in the wild impetuosity of youth, hurried on with my wedding plans.

About three weeks after my marriage I stood on the deck of one of the big liners, taking a fond farewell of my young wife and trying to hide the misgivings we both felt by talking lightly of the good times we would have four years hence when I came home again.

In less than a month I had reached my destination, and was favoured with my first glimpse of a foreign land. I recall that while waiting my turn to pass through the Customs I speculated on what new thrills lay in store for me, wondering what adventures were to be mine. I could not guess that the four years I was to spend there would for ever bring me heartache and remorse.

I was met at the docks by the man whose place I was to take, and a week later I was left in sole possession of the office, feeling no small measure of pride at the new sense of power and responsibility.

Full of ambition, I plunged myself into my new duties. Time passed quickly. Days sped into weeks, and weeks into months until, before I realised it almost, my first year of service was up.

Throughout this time my wife and I had corresponded regularly, always planning our future life together and building castles in the air about the happiness that was to be ours when I finally came home.

I HAD been in my new surroundings a little over twelve months, and was sitting in my office one evening a little later than usual, clearing up some urgent business, when a young woman strolled in and greeted me in a cheery, intimate tone that suggested that she had known me all her life.

"Hullo, John!" she cried. "Don't look so surprised to see me."

I was surprised, because, although I remembered having been introduced to the lady, I couldn't for the life of me remember her name. While I was still staring up at her rather stupidly, she proceeded to put me at my ease.

"Surely you remember me, John. I think I must have been the first woman to whom you were introduced when you first arrived here."

"Why, of course," I apologised. "You are Miss Bennett, aren't you. The truth is, that since our first meeting I've been buried in my work here, and I really haven't had any opportunity of taking advantage of those early introductions."

"I see," she said. "Well, at least I'm glad that you haven't forgotten me altogether. To those to whom I haven't been introduced, I'm 'Miss Bennett'; but my friends call me Daphne. I think you're much too nice a person to be allowed to kill yourself with work. You need taking out of yourself, or this country will make an old man of you in no time."

That was the beginning of a friendship that developed thereafter at breakneck speed.

SOON we were seen everywhere together, riding, swimming, dancing; at the races, cinemas and various public functions. And that year we took our holidays together. I had lost my head completely, and wished regretfully that I had taken my father's advice and kept single.

I found it very easy to forget the young wife I had left in England. She seemed a stranger, while the friendship between Daphne and myself developed into something much stronger.

But as I had to make an allowance to my wife at home, it is inevitable that I soon began to live far in excess of my means. The fact that I had been constantly lucky at race meetings we had attended first prompted me to take a chance that I would never have dreamt of otherwise. I began to speculate with the firm's money. At first I won. It seemed impossible for me to go wrong. I was able to make good my defalcations and continue my extravagant way of living.

I don't know if it was just beginner's luck, or whether a kindly providence was giving me this chance to pull up and come to my senses. Anyway, it didn't last. I soon began to lose heavily, and in desperation I was led to use more of the firm's money, salving my conscience with the intention to pay it back as I had done before.

But the bad luck continued. I kept on losing; kept on plunging more wildly in an endeavour to make up the losses, and so found myself one day with the alarming prospect of being in my firm's debt to the tune of something like £800.

For several days I was in despair and, determined to break my friendship with Daphne, I confessed to her what I had done. To my amazement, she met my confession with an offer to give me enough money to clear my debts, provided I at once gave my wife enough grounds to divorce me.

The temptation was great, but at least I am pleased to think that I was strong enough to withstand it. I declined the offer and made up my mind to face the music.

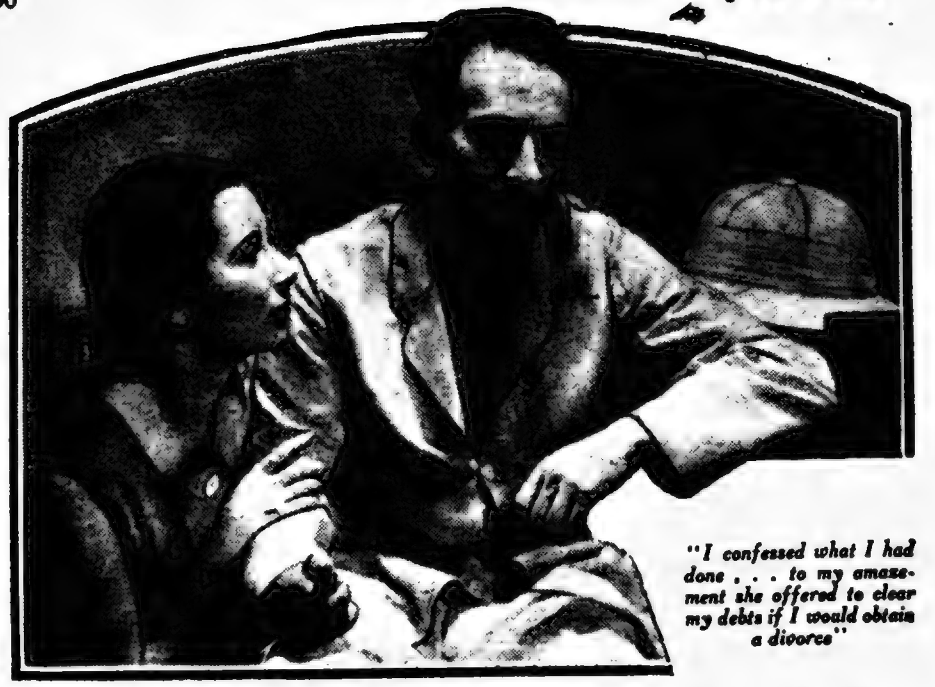
The crash came. My accounts were now nearly £1,000 short. It looked like ruin and disgrace for me and for the trusting young wife I had left behind in England.

AFTER a month of misery and suspense, word came from my employers that they had decided not to prosecute, but my services must terminate forthwith. I was brought home on the next boat, and to this day my wife, relatives and friends have lived under the impression that I lost my wonderful position abroad through ill-health.

The struggles I have since endured have been embittered by the knowledge that I am a living lie; and the loyalty and sympathy that everyone has shown cuts me to the quick.

I often wonder what became of the other woman, and what would have happened had I accepted her offer.

Whenever my wife talks to me now of the lessons we both learnt by being parted in our early married life, my secret almost chokes me. Though the clemency of my employers spared me exposure and disgrace, there are other ways in which I have paid and shall go on paying for ever. . . .


"I confessed what I had done . . . to my amazement she offered to clear my debts if I would obtain a divorce"

If you have some secret that you dare not reveal to your friends, but feel that you would like to unbosom yourself, JOHN BULL here offers you the opportunity.

Usual rates are paid for all published stories, which are "Strictly Anonymous."

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PASTEURISED CHEESE
with the FULL CREAM FLAVOUR
Libby's Cheese is full-cream cheese, full of energy providing and body building food elements. It is rindless—no waste with it—easily digested and appetising.
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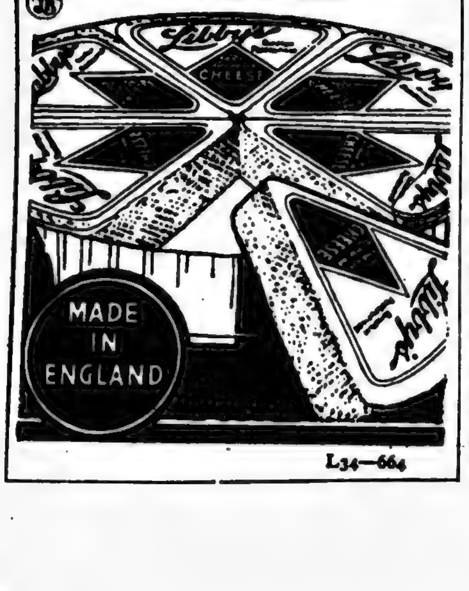
All the Family will like it. Always have a box on hand.



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To drive away the 'Droops'—

What you need is a good cup of TEA

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IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

The Bennett College
Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

VENDETTA by 'Phone

RINGING of the telephone bell in the home of a newly married Sheffield couple in the last few months has been enough to cause unbelievable anguish and distress.

At least 150 times the same woman has rung up, a poor, misguided creature who has had no reason whatsoever to disturb the peace and happiness of the little home, let alone to bring "grave domestic sorrow to the young wife," as she has been described as doing.

Since those 'phone calls began, joy, laughter and merriment have been half-hearted things in that house that should have known so much happiness, liable to be snuffed out and turned to hollow despair at the first tinkle of a bell.

Well, it is a good thing that family has been driven at last by the torment it suffered to recourse to law: good for the thousands of people who live in fear of the telephone that stands in their halls, dining-rooms or bedrooms, and who live in eternal dread of voices of spite, revenge, hate, bitterness that at any hour of the day or night come straight into their homes.

The woman who intruded in this way so cruelly and persistently has been fined 40s. and costs, under the Act of Parliament, not yet a year old, which aims at stopping anyone from making persistent telephone calls without adequate reason.

The pest who persistently intrudes into the home by telephone is as bad as the burglar—his crime as wicked as the blackmailer's

What happened to her should be a danger signal to the many people who not only use the telephone to annoy, but in some cases to carry on a vendetta.

Vendetta!—yes, that is the word to describe the motive in the case of the biggest number of pests of this type.

What better word is there to describe the almost savage determination of jilted sweethearts, wives and husbands who have lost their partners, people who love but are not loved in return, who see in the telephone a means of pursuing the victims of their jealousy or anger until life becomes all but unlivable for them?

No escape

Here are a few instances that can be taken as typical of hundreds.

A wife who drove her solicitor husband away from home by reason of her tempestuous anger and bitter tongue rang up his office every ten minutes of the day to make his life unbearable.

When he was practising in court, she transferred her telephonic attentions there. Finally, he had to go into an outlandish country district and open up a practice there to escape her soul-destroying attentions.

A well-to-do builder who fell in love for the first time in his life at forty-five, with a girl of seventeen, was persistent in just the same way, when the girl told him she couldn't think of marrying him. If she went to a dance a telephone message would arrive asking if Miss ——, *his fiancée*, could be called to the telephone. If she went to the kinema the manager would be rung. Once or twice her name was flashed on the screen.

Her house was rung several times throughout every night. Never could she escape from the torment of telephone bells.

It was to stop such inhuman conduct of that kind that the Post Office Amendment Act of last year was passed. That girl's father had to stop it by sending his daughter to relatives in Brussels.

The telephone vendetta is a common resort of jilted women, particularly where a man who has paid them attentions has proved to be married.

Such women know that telephone calls made at frequent and regular intervals will ruin anyone's nerves in time. When he is in the bosom of the family, or spending an evening with friends, or visiting a brother or sister, parents, business acquaintances, the very sound of a telephone bell will put him in torment, as it is intended to do.

Often the regular use of the telephone in this way is an implied threat of disclosure, and not always for the purposes of obtaining money by blackmail. It can be ten times more murderous than the blackmailer's letter.

But there are other vendettas carried on by telephone besides those that have their source in the human heart—the political kind, for instance.

Sir William Wayland, M.P., used to be rung up steadily throughout the day and night by a man who disagreed with him politically. Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.P., had much the same experience.

Scores of M.P.s are badgered and worried in this way by people who must think that they can drive political opponents from public life by such methods.

Judges, stipendiaries, Cabinet Ministers, Church dignitaries, would be worried to death by such people with grudges or axes to grind if the Post Office didn't provide them with a safeguard against these pernicious pests.

That safeguard is the right to be on the telephone, but not to appear in the telephone book, provided a good reason is given. Such people are known as "ex-directory." They furnish their telephone numbers to their friends, but there is no other way of getting them.

Wedding day "joke"

Yet not all those on the Post Office's secret list are notabilities. On it also are people with odd names. Some perverted humorist will notice that a name can be made the subject of a joke, and, ringing the family regularly to parade his so-called humour, will eventually drive them out of the telephone book.

One of these victims is a prominent temperance worker, who was rung up twenty times a day for months and asked "if he was the brewery."

Another is a man who was the victim of every type of joke, always perpetrated by the same voice, and was eventually rung up at 5 a.m. on his wedding day and told to get ready for the funeral.

Some of these persistent telephone offenders are not at all malicious—although that will not necessarily protect them from prosecution under the new Act, if their attentions become a nuisance.

One, a titled Society woman, used to ring up a leading petrol company and speak for hours in an effort to get the managing director to follow her advice in the management of his company—at no charge whatsoever! In the end, an office worker was deputed to answer "Yes" at the end of every sentence.

She thought the replies were those of the managing director, and so she was satisfied. It was the only way, for snubbing would have made her more persistent.

An Exeter telephone subscriber who kept getting trunk calls from London and yet never heard a voice speak, was not the victim of a vendetta, as he at first expected, but of schoolboy impishness.

Post Office detectives traced the calls to a box at Croydon. The perpetrators were schoolboys who put coins in the box, asked for this particular number, heard the voice at the other end, and then pressed the "B" button to reclaim their money—having got a thrill at hearing a voice from nearly two hundred miles away. Taken to the police-court and fined, they know now that it is not the type of adventure that is likely to be encouraged.

Theft charge

In such a case as that, where no payment is made for the use of the telephone, proceedings can be taken for the theft of the Postmaster-General's electricity. But no such charge is possible against the worst of all telephone offenders, the people who drive people to the verge of suicide by persistently telephoning them.

Therefore the Act, under which proceedings were taken against the Sheffield pest, is a boon. After all, a marauder is not allowed to enter your house by windows or doors. Then why should he be allowed to intrude by telephone, and probably inflict worse damage than any burglar could cause!

A CLEAN STOMACH NEVER CAUSES PAIN

You can always tell when your hands or face want washing—by looking. But how can you tell when your stomach has become unclean by undigested food setting up nauseous gas or wind? Only by Nature's wireless—pain.

A clean stomach never causes pain. So heed Nature's warning that your stomach needs the soothing, cleansing, healing influence of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to rid it of impurities. If you leave then unchecked they will create acid to eat into your stomach lining, and the result may be agonising gastric or duodenal ulcers, requiring the costly and painful application of the surgeon's knife.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the "signature" brand—keeps the stomach sweet and healthy because it is compounded to a formula that has been recognised for years as the most efficacious stomach treatment ever prescribed.

Prevention is better than cure. Keep your stomach clean with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. But be sure you really do get the powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose. [Advt.]

I have already told you how keen I am about the New Murphy battery set. Well, several people have written telling me about the results they've had, so this week I'm letting somebody else do the talking. Here are two letters, one from Falkirk and the other from Land's End, and I think they show you very clearly that this set is worth £6 . 7 . 6 of anybody's money.

Frank Murphy

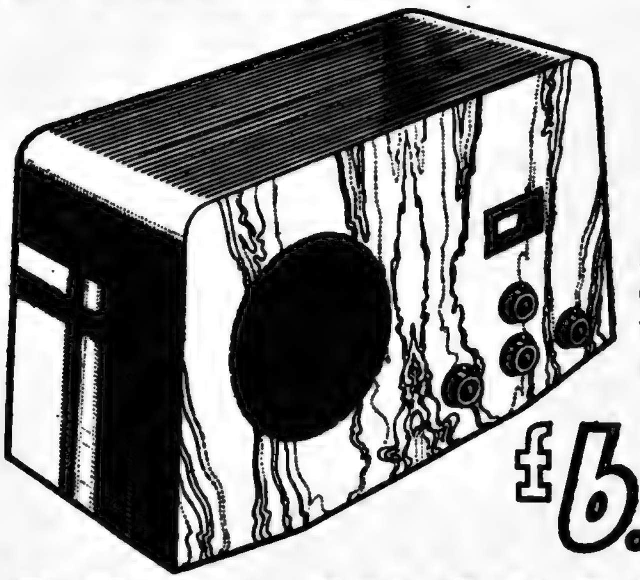
FALKIRK

"You may be interested to know that I sold a B.23 last week and installed it within 3 (three) miles of the B.B.C. Station at Falkirk. With the local Distant switch in the local position it can easily separate the programmes, there being no overlap of the two stations whatsoever. Athlone is received at very good volume; also Droitwich, Luxemburg, Paris and Berlin on the Long Waves with no interference from the locals. This, I feel sure you will agree, is a pretty good performance and a credit to Murphy Radio."

LAND'S END

"After installing the B.23 at this cottage at the most westerly point in England, I made an exhaustive test and found the receiver most remarkable, especially as Cornwall is a very difficult place for reception. Every Regional station was received with clarity and good strength during the day, and I enclose a list of stations, many working on less than 1 kilowatt, received in the evening. These included Tiflis, between the Caspian and Black Seas, on long waves, and 26 Europeans, including Helsinki, up Finland way, on medium waves."

MODEL B.23.—3-valve battery operated straight H.F. receiver. Fitted with moving coil loudspeaker and wavelength dial extending from 195–550 and 850–2,100 metres. Uses any 120-volt H.T. battery. The consumption at this voltage is only 7 m/a. Automatic grid bias, avoiding the necessity for separate bias battery. Well finished cabinet in laminated wood with front finished in Walnut. Price £6 . 7 . 6. Batteries extra, costing from about 15/-. Other Table Models from £9 . 17 . 6. Console Models from £13 . 10 . 0 and Radiogramophones from £24 . 0 . 0. These prices do not apply in I.F.S.



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MISSING WORDS CONTEST

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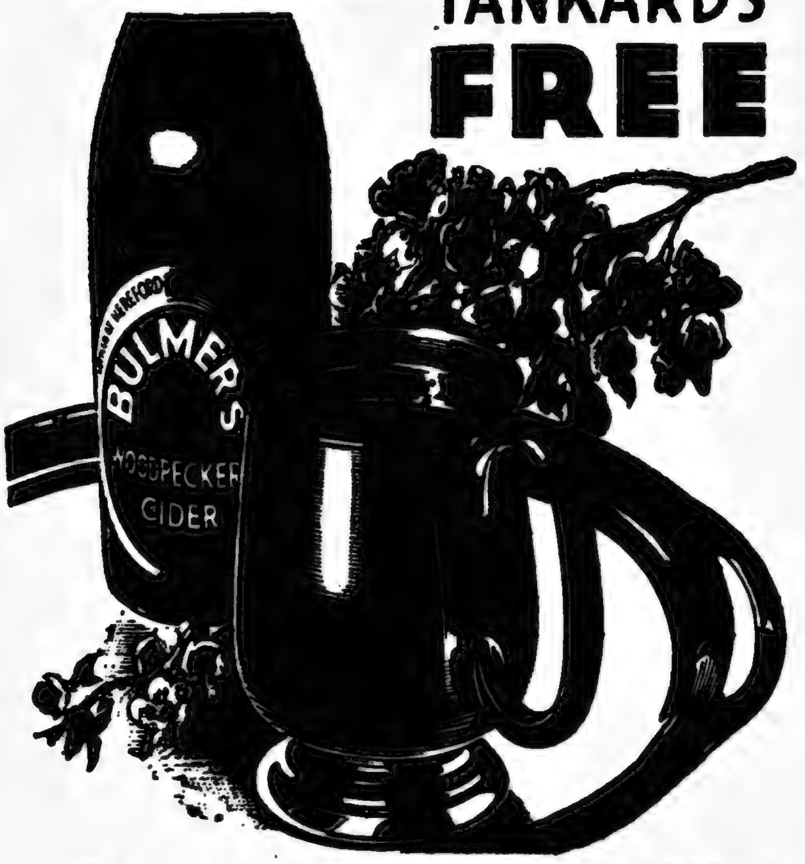

COMPLETE THIS RHYME AND WIN A TANKARD

A for Apples B for Bulmer's C for Cider, that's the slogan in the Public mind to-day, And a good one when you're ——— for something tangy, With a thirst that's quite impatient of delay. A for Apples, Cider-making; but by BULMER'S, It's the ——— you must insist on to be sure that you're getting all the vim and all the vigour, In this ——— drink so healthy and so pure.

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your local cider supplier. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.5, Hereford, before June 11th, 1936. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. A solid silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 100 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in the "Daily Herald" on June 19th, 1936.

Bulmer's Cider

'DRY' or 'WOODPECKER' in full FIVE-GLASS FLAGONS **10½D.** Per Flagon (England & Wales only) **1/-** (in Scotland)

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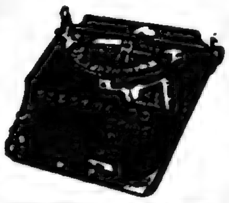

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but Disraeli . . . .

whose impassioned oratory swayed the minds of men, could not persuade his unruly locks into an ordered symmetry. This great man, steered the ship of state through international crisis, yet could not lead his own hair in the way it should go! The fault is ours. We did not introduce Field's Solid Brilliantine soon enough. If your hair is as refractory as Disraeli's this most brilliant brilliantine will deal with it. Field's gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

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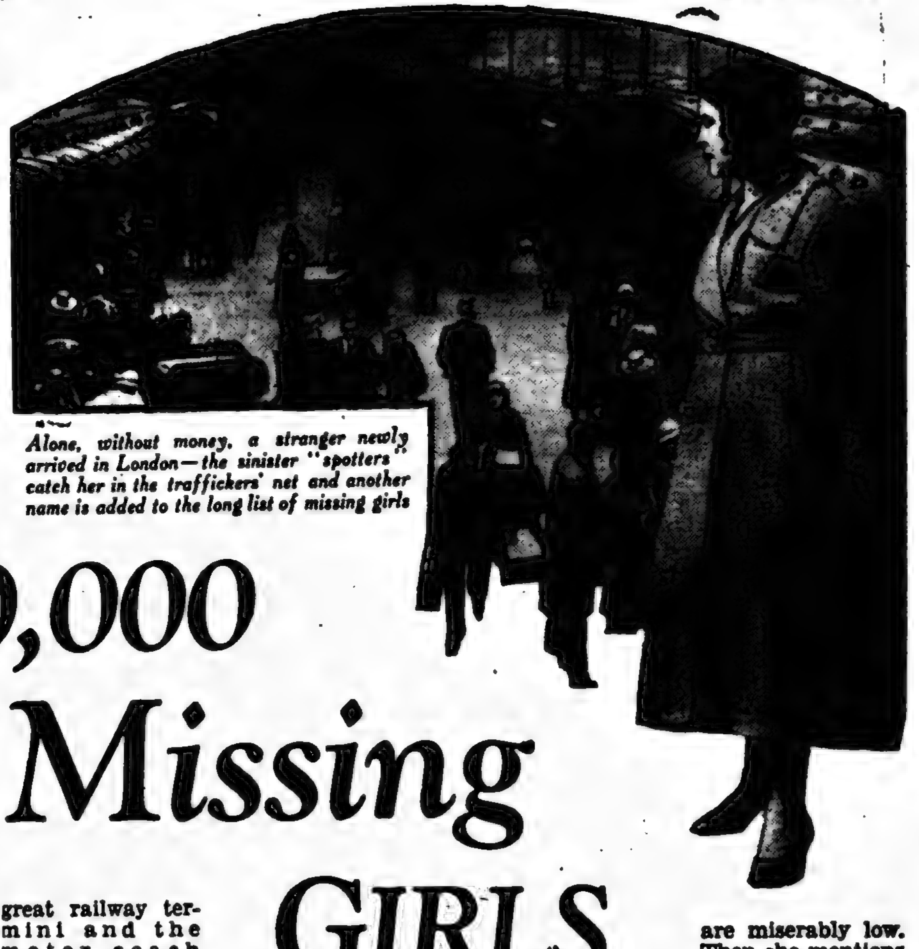
3d 6d PER TIN PER TORE

50,000 Missing GIRLS



Alone, without money, a stranger newly arrived in London—the sinister "spotters" catch her in the traffickers' net and another name is added to the long list of missing girls

DURING the past twelve months the number of missing girls and young women, reported to the police, has reached the huge total of fifty thousand.

How many of these girls and young women fall into the hands of White Slavers is difficult to estimate, but recent investigation by the authorities at Scotland Yard, with the co-operation of the provincial police forces, suggests that the nefarious traffic in women is a growing menace.

There is no doubt that continued unemployment among families in distressed areas of South Wales, the Midlands and the North-East coast has been a powerful factor in the situation. Young girls, losing hope of obtaining employment near their homes, are easily persuaded to come to London for employment in domestic or other work.

In some instances, owing to the general depression at home, they may go off without telling their parents, but intending to write home when they have settled down in their new situation in London.

Too often anxious parents wait in vain for news, and another name is added to the long list of missing girls. The offered domestic employment in London may prove nothing but the carefully arranged bait of the traffickers.

It is not long before the girl from the provinces realises that the domestic job of work is nothing but a snare. The tempting alternative offered her is fine clothes, an easy life, and money to spend.

If she indignantly refuses, she is immediately sacked, and finds herself without money and without friends in London.

But all the time the White Slave traffic agents keep her under observation, and, waiting until the girl may have been reduced to a state of desperation, again offer her "suitable employment."

Ready to pounce

So this tragic army of missing girls and young women increases year by year.

Some of them have been found by the police in low-class houses in the East End of London.

Usually, these girls are lured to the capital by cleverly worded advertisements in provincial newspapers, offering light and pleasant work in congenial surroundings.

In many instances fares are advanced to bring these dupes to London, where they are met by their respective employers.

It is soon explained to them that they are in debt owing to the fare money advanced, which explains the unhappy plight of many of these girls, who, after a brief experience of their new employment are anxious to escape.

But they are penniless, and do not relish the task of writing home to poverty-stricken parents for help. So they become adrift in London, without money and without friends.

How easily these girls become the victims of the traffickers is not difficult to imagine. Indeed, the problem has become so acute that the police authorities in London and the provinces are determined to deal drastically with this danger.

Recently the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. R. Downey, dealt with the problem.

"Many think the White Slave traffic exists chiefly in the heated imaginations of religious and social reformers," he said, "but this iniquitous traffic still continues.

Excellent work

"In every large city there are birds of prey ready to pounce on unsuspecting girls—social pests fattening on the vices of humanity."

Police records emphasise the importance of Dr. Downey's remarks.

One of the organisations which for fifty years past has been doing most excellent work in combating this menace is the National Vigilance Association, of Old Pye Street, Westminster, London.

For years the members of this organisation have waged unending war on the traffic in women and children.

Particular attention is paid to the great railway termini and the motor-coach stations of London, and every effort is made to ensure the safety of girls and young women who come to London from the provinces in search of employment.

The association believes that prevention is better than cure and very often its protective work starts before girls leave their homes.

It maintains trained workers who are constantly engaged in making enquiries on behalf of girls in this connection, and it is always in touch with competent advisers throughout the country.

In this way it aims at giving wise and helpful counsel to untrained girls who may be about to set out for the first time for employment away from their homes.

Last year, for example, it conducted some 600 enquiries and rendered assistance to 5,000 girls arriving in London from Wales and a similar number from Northern counties.

It is also linked up with the International Bureau for the suppression of traffic in women and children, so that the activities of this organisation are worldwide in usefulness.

Skilled spotters

We have already drawn attention to an error in our issue dated March 14, when the National Vigilance Society was confused with the National Vigilance Association.

This latter organisation is, of course, well known for the social work of worldwide importance which it has carried on for many years.

Police vigilance is also being increased in this direction, for there is unmistakable evidence that the white slave traffic agents have been very much in evidence recently at the great London railway stations.

Both men and women are employed as "spotters" at these places, and their work is to establish contact with girls who arrive from the provinces unattended.

A skilled "spotter" has no difficulty in picking out the fresh arrival in London, who has come to London in order to take up a situation, usually in domestic service.

Often a woman is employed for this work and she scrapes acquaintance with the new arrival, whom she invites to a cup of tea in a near-by café.

The innocent victim is glad to have found a friend and unburdens her soul, telling her companion that she has come to London to take up a situation in domestic service.

At this the agent is sympathetic, but points out that the wages and conditions are miserably low. Then she mentions quite casually that she knows of a far better situation, where the work is easy and the wages good.

Cleverly, she establishes confidence, with the result that the girl from the provinces looks upon her new-found mentor as a guide, philosopher and friend.

Swift sequel

Suspicion never enters her head, and when it is suggested that she shall go straight away to this new situation which has been offered, she readily agrees.

The sequel is swift: within a few hours she is caught in the meshes of the net of the traffickers and another name is added to the long and tragic list of missing persons.

The plight of such young women is easy to imagine.

Without friends they are alone in the great metropolis. They are without the means to return to their homes, even if they had the will to go home and admit defeat.

So they respond to the call of the bright lights and glittering promises of the great town, and another soul passes into the hands of the traffickers.

It is to be hoped that the new attack now being made by the police of London and the provinces will be successful.

This notorious traffic in souls must be ended.

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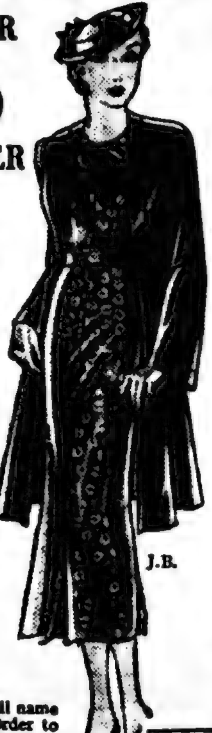

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Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

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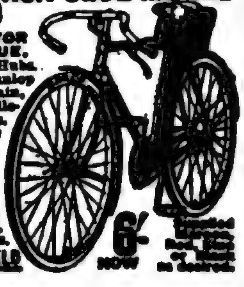

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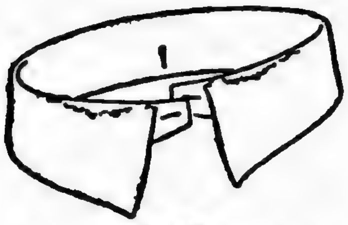

Because with old-style soaps hard rubbing is needed to get it clean. But even the grimiest collar can be cleansed without scrubbing by the gentle Preservene method. It's the glycerine in Preservene that does it. It makes the dirt simply slide out, without rubbing, in 20 minutes boiling. Use Preservene for all your clothes and household washing. It's kind to your hands, too! Efficient, gentle—that's Preservene's way.

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— *'Last the time of three'* —

BUZZ, BUZZ— Busy Bee!

"Little wings and busy feet." — But their keepers want the rest of the country to be made bee-conscious and appreciate the delights of honey

IF the Ministry of Agriculture and the British Bee-Keepers' Association have their way, we shall all become bee-conscious in the next few years—and eat more honey.

Our present consumption of natural honey, they say, is a national disgrace and an insult to bees!

Honey is possibly the most nutritious of all foods. The calorific value of a pound is equal to that of thirty eggs or six pints of milk. Yet we eat on the average hardly more than one ounce each in the year. In America the estimated annual consumption per head is 50 pounds.

American estimates are usually exaggerated, but it is safe to assume that they beat us by about 500 times. So vast is production there, that hives and honey frames are turned out by mass methods.

Guesswork

Means by which the Ministry of Agriculture is trying to "put the bee in Britain" in just as big a way, are propaganda in the country districts, the publication of literature on scientific bee-keeping, the development of proper marketing methods, of which the National Mark scheme is a beginning, and research at the Rothamsted Experimental station.

The British Bee-Keepers' Association is collaborating, its chief organisers being two brothers, J. and W. Herrod-Hempsall, of Luton, the first, honorary secretary of the association, and the second, author of the standard work on modern bee-keeping and technical adviser to the Ministry.

No one quite knows how many bees and bee-keepers there are in Britain, or what is the output of honey. It has been stated that 500 million bees are making honey for an unappreciative public, under the control of 25,000 bee-keepers, but such figures are guesswork.

Suspicion

A few years ago the Ministry of Agriculture tried to take a census of the hive owners with the number of bees kept by each. The canny smallholders, gardeners and farmers smelt, if not income tax, at least an undue curiosity in the sending of forms to be filled up, and the census was a failure.

Had it been possible to take stock of the bees—queens, drones and workers—that populate the innumerable small colonies from the orchards of Kent to the heather moors of Scotland, they would all have had to be set down in the census as "aliens."

For the species of British bee from whose honey our pre-Roman ancestors made their highly potent mead are virtually extinct. They were known as "black" bees, in reality dark brown.

They were exterminated by a disease which was first noticed in the Isle of Wight about 1906. It became epidemic, reaching its greatest virulence in 1918, and by the post-war years it had massacred the whole native population with the possible exception of a few colonies in distant corners of the islands.

Most suitable

Bee-keepers set out on a wholesale immigration policy. Queen bees with entire colonies were imported from Europe. Experiments in the cross-breeding of British with foreign bees—Austrian, Caucasian, Cyprian, Tunisian, Dutch and Italian—had already been made over a number of years. It had been found that the Dutch and Italians were the most suitable for the purpose.

After the years of the bees' "black death," Dutch importees were popular; but it was found that the pure strain was too liable to swarm, and they were crossed with Italians.

Latterly the Italian queens have been most in demand, and in all probability the species, distinguished by a narrow gold waistband, is now predominant in Britain.

(In recent months one would see in the bee journals advertisements like this: "Notwitstanding sanctions, we supply —— strain Italian queens . . .")

The coming big drive for more and better bees in Britain and "fifty pounds of honey a head" is in reality only one more milestone in a century of research and practice which has revolutionised apiculture, and taught even the bees themselves a few things they never knew before.

For example, bees had been associated with the old conical hive or straw "skep" for thousands of years. The ancient Romans kept their bees in skeps: so did the Greeks and all other bee-keepers in almost every age and clime till the days of our great-grandparents.

Yet skeps were uneconomical. You could not get at the honey without destroying the bees. The design of the skep was the main cause of excessive swarming—the flight of a number of bees from one hive to form a new colony of their own.

Bees have no uncontrollable instinct to swarm frequently. When they do so, it is principally for lack of room in the hive. And the old-fashioned skep did not allow for expansion of a colony.

In the 'forties of last century an Englishman invented the honey extractor, a frame of simple design by which full combs of honey can be taken from the hive, emptied of their contents and replaced.

With the extractor came the modern square hive and other improvements. They save half the work of the bees which was formerly wasted, and otherwise stimulate production.

Handsomely repaid

Science having put the bee in harness, there is no reason why British bee-keeping in the next ten or twenty years should not become a highly important branch of the agricultural industry.

If we all ate our pound of honey a week there would be a turnover of £170,000,000 a year at the present retail price of 1s. 6d. If we had the modest weekly ration of only a quarter of a pound a head, it would still mean the access of vast new wealth to the countryside.

The advantage of honey production is that overhead costs are light compared with, say, poultry breeding or stock rearing.

During the summer the bees have ample food in the combs, and the amount of sugar necessary for winter fodder after a bad season, when the bulk of the honey has been sold, is not a heavy charge.

Initial outlay is small. A swarm of bees to start a colony costs 35s., and a good hive 50s. to 65s.

It is astonishing how much honey can be obtained from a good-sized apiary. The bees at Buckfast Abbey, in Dorset, under the care of Brother Adam, one of England's best-known apiarists, produce 15 tons of extracted honey in a good season. At a fair wholesale price, which the British Bee-Keepers' Association suggests should be a shilling a pound, this represents a gross income of £1,680.

Presumably the monks at Buckfast do not draw anything like this revenue, but if they make a profit of even £500, they are handsomely repaid. Until the Ministry of Agriculture is able to fix an adequate retail price for honey, bee-keeping as a full-time job is not recommended to the person of limited experience, but under the present conditions it can still be a profitable side line.

With intelligent care, a modest number of hives can bring an extra pound a week to the gardener or smallholder.

No comparison

There is competition in the honey market from the Empire, particularly New Zealand, and from America; but the British bee-keepers do not object. They are confident that, as scientific marketing develops, they can meet it on fair terms.

What they do resent is the competition of the cheap "prepared" honey, usually described as "a blend of Empire honey and invert sugar," but which bears no comparison with genuine honey in its food and medicinal qualities.

It ought to be banned, say the bee-keepers, or at least clearly labelled "Imitation." In time, when JOHN BULL'S exposure of faked food is acted on, it will be.

A real chance will then be given to the new-old industry whose motive power is "little wings and busy feet," and whose raw material is the flowers and blossom of our countryside.

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Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

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100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE!

For the Best Words to Complete the Advertisement on p. 33.

The Sun Shines on Make-up!

"How I love the summer. The sun and the sea! It makes me feel glamorous, colourful."
"And you look it! It's your mouth. I don't expect you'll tell me—but what lipstick do you use?"
"Why, Elfrida. I thought you knew. I suppose you use one of those pricey ones—3/6 or thereabouts."
"Yes. Why—how much is yours?"
"Sixpence!"
"Nonsense! The colour harmonises so well and brings out your beauty and you say it's sixpence!"
"It's true! I got sick of paying those ghastly prices for cosmetics. I couldn't afford them. Yet I had to be beautiful, and now I've found Elfrida! Get it at Woolworth's or any chemist."
"I certainly shall."

Natural delicate colour.
Semi-indelible—Lasts all day.
Three wonderful shades,
Light, Medium and Dark.

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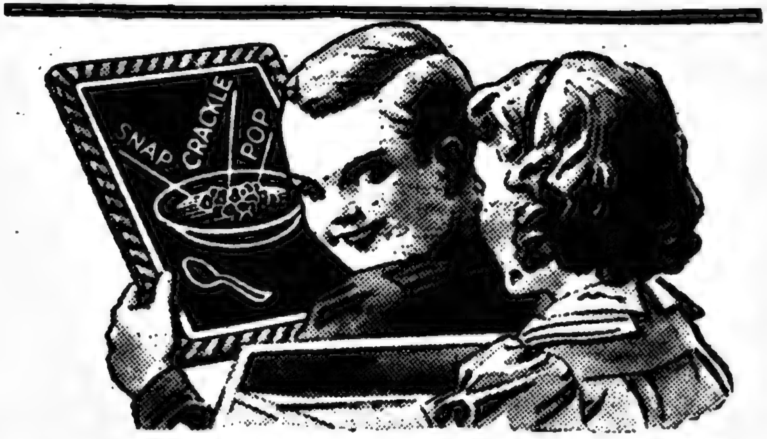

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And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach "upsets" she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

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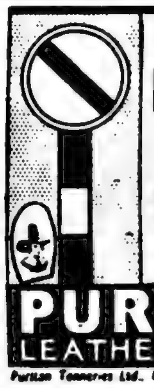
Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Always remember that there is nothing "just as good" as 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Of all chemists, 1/3 *and* 2/6 *(treble quantity). Also* 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS. 1/- *per box, and in bottles* 2/- *and* 3/6 *for family use.*

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



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A charming cut-work design for your Tea-cosy—FREE!

Save your lids from Robin Starch! In exchange you can get free an enchanting embroidery design for your tea-cosy. Full details of this free offer appear on p. 37. Turn to it now—use the Coupon!

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

How to say "No" to— Borrowing Neighbours

The friendship of a cadging neighbour is not worth while if the price of it is constant loans which are seldom repaid

AMONG the great maxims of Shakespeare is this one, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be, for a loan oft loses both itself and friend."

I am reminded of it by a woman who writes to me about one of the most common but most difficult of everyday problems.

> My neighbour's husband is earning exactly the same as my husband and we both pay the same rent (she says). But this neighbour is always broke and almost every day there comes a tap at the door and a request for a loan of something. I think I have supplied her with small quantities of everything in the grocery line and yet she seldom repays any of it. Now it has come to the borrowing of small sums of money to pay the baker or the milkman.
>
> I like to be neighbourly and it seems hard to refuse, but she ought really to be better off than I am, for I have four children and she has only two. I know she has luxuries we would never dream of having, and it seems to me that through my constantly having to give her a helping hand, I am paying for them.
>
> Shall I refuse to lend her anything at all and thereby probably make an enemy, or go on being neighbourly, and as a result keep my own little ones short? I will abide by your decision.

Now friendship with one's neighbour is well worth preserving. And no one wants to be considered mean or hard-hearted. But there comes a time when generosity can be overdone. When that stage is reached it simply encourages the borrower to be thriftless and possibly extravagant with his or her own money.

If my correspondent with a bigger family can manage on her housekeeping allowance, then her neighbour should certainly do so.

It would be annoying to be constantly pestered in this way if that woman were scrupulously fair in repaying what she borrowed.

It is intolerable when her borrowing is really begging. Whether it offends her or not, I think a decided stand should be taken and those demands should be refused in future.

☆ ☆ ☆

SOME people are spongers by nature, and when they find others who are kind-hearted enough to sympathise with them they are always asking for more.

My correspondent can explain to her neighbour as tactfully as possible that she is expected by her husband to undertake certain obligations with her housekeeping allowance.

That will be impossible if she does not exercise great care in the way she spends her money.

After all, her children and her home must come first. And if friendship of that next-door neighbour can only be retained at the price of these loans, then, in my opinion, she is far better off without it.

Here is another case where it is not a question of goods in kind, but of expecting this woman, in any emergency, to be always at the beck and call of her neighbours. She tells me that she has been married thirty years and has a good husband and three children. Her letter goes on:

> I am always willing to help others in times of illness as I think we all should. But now people are beginning to impose upon me. When anything goes wrong, everybody says, "Send for Mrs. S——. She will come." The worst part is that they call me up at all hours of the night and nobody ever thinks of offering me a shilling or two for my help.
>
> Now my husband is kicking against it. And when somebody came for me at 2 o'clock in the morning recently he said, "Let them knock." And he refused to allow me to go down to see who it was. Would you tell me, please, where you think my duty lies?

I agree entirely with my correspondent when she says, "I am always willing to help others in times of illness, as I think we all should." But consideration for other folk must have some reference to consideration for ourselves and our loved ones. It is necessary to remember sometimes that charity begins at home.

If my correspondent's neighbours want her to help them in their difficulties they should show appreciation by paying her suitably for her trouble. I surmise from what she says that they are able to do so.

Secondly, there is the question of those calls coming in the middle of the night, when it means disturbing not only herself, but her husband and her family. I think at these times the district nurse or the doctor should be summoned. After all, it is their job to attend to such cases. "Everybody lays a load upon a willing horse" runs the proverb. My correspondent has been far too willing. It is time she thought of herself and her home.

☆ ☆ ☆

AND now let us look at the other side of this picture. What is the solution to a problem of the following kind:

> I am happily married (says a woman reader) and we have three bonny children, who are all going to school. I am thankful to say that my husband is in regular work, and though he does not earn a large wage, yet we manage to live quite comfortably and put by a little every week in insurance.
>
> The people next door are a middle-aged couple without a family, and I have always been very good friends with the wife. When I was ill she used to make me little tit-bits to tempt me to eat. Then a few months ago she started sending in things like half an apple pie, a basin of soup or a few cakes. She used to say that it was a pity to waste them, and with three children she knew I could make use of them.
>
> My husband, who is of an independent nature, objected to my accepting this food, and there have been words between us about it. Last week he said that he didn't want charity from anybody and that he was having no more of it. He went on to say that if I didn't tell my neighbour to stop, he would. I am sure that it would hurt her terribly if he did, and would probably end our friendship. Can you suggest any way out?

An independent husband—a kindly neighbour; and my correspondent trying to please them both. How is it to be done? I have thought of a solution which I hope will prove effective.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS woman is not in need of those gifts from her neighbour. She tells me that her husband is in regular work and that they "manage to live quite comfortably." But there must be somebody in that neighbourhood who would be very glad of that food. Her clergyman or her doctor would, I am sure, tell her of such a family.

She could then go to her friend next door and say, "I am going to save anything I can for such-and-such a home. Will you do the same? They are very poor and it would be a godsend to them."

That should satisfy her husband's independent spirit without creating friction with her neighbour.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Life—by Eddie Cantor

Eddie Cantor, the famous film comedian, is as amusing on paper as he is in his pictures. In *Picturegoer Weekly*, out to-day, he writes in his own inimitable manner of the little things in his life which prove that for him life has been a funny business.

Then Paul Harrison tells why stars get married, and readers will also be introduced to the Hollywood stars in London, as well as enjoy a further instalment of the life story of Gary Cooper.

There are many other features for filmgoers in this issue. Get your copy now, price twopence everywhere.

ROUT Green Fly

Dust Keating's Powder on Roses and Greenhouse plants. It puts an end to the green-fly menace. Use it dry. Economical and safe. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

Saturday Morning!

There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

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HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

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HEARTBURN... INDIGESTION... FLATULENCE...

MOORLANDS GAVE INSTANT RELIEF

READ THIS AMAZING TRIBUTE TO MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS:

"I suffered for years from Heartburn and Indigestion until I took Moorland brand Tablets and then got speedy relief.

It is almost like being without a friend to be without Moorlands and I want you to know how grateful I am for the wonderful relief your tablets have given me."—L.A.H., Margate.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

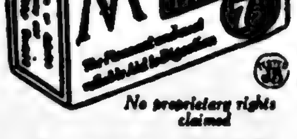
Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:

7½d. in cardboard cartons. (50 tablets) **1/3** airtight tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin to:*



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We want the public to know the difference between NUFIX and other hair creams. Science has achieved in NUFIX the faultless hair-dressing for men. Perfect control of the hair with a well-groomed appearance. NO GUM to cause powder or flake, no clogging of pores, but a healthy scalp free from scurf and dandruff. No greasy hats, greasy pillows, NO PERMEATING GREASE to spoil cushions and offend your family. NUFIX is an original formula containing vegetable oils also valuable extracts recognised by leading scientists of the day to possess a powerful stimulating action on the hair cells *by absorption.* The pure vegetable oils *are absorbed* at the end of the day into the hair roots and definitely create hair growth. Your hair is clean and ready the next morning for NUFIX. NUFIX is a quality product of outstanding merit—beware of inferior imitations.

Certificate of Tested and Approved Efficiency by an Eminent City of London Analyst:

"I have tested a sample of 'Nufix' bought by me in open market. I am of opinion that the preparation is so well emulsified that the vegetable oil it contains is not evident in use. I have by analysis ascertained that 'Nufix' is compounded of pure ingredients recognised to be of great value for keeping the hair and scalp in healthy condition and for preserving and promoting the growth of the hair."

We will willingly refund the purchase price to anyone who can prove that the NUFIX claim to be the faultless hair-dressing is not a true statement of *Fact*.

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Dressing for the Hair

6d, 1/-, 1/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES & HAIRDRESSERS

NUFIX

THE TONIC HAIRDRESSING

Manufactured by Walden & Co. (Nufix) Ltd., Nufix Works, London, N.W.9

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Ulcerated Stomach
baffled 4 Doctors—

DIGESTIF RENNIE
worked wonders for this man—

'For several years I have suffered from ulcerated stomach, and I must have tried everything under the sun, all to no avail. I have been under four doctors, and even to hospital, but got very little relief. Then a short time ago a friend of mine gave me some Digestif Rennie Pastilles. He knew what my complaint was and said, "Just try these and see how they affect you." Well, they worked wonders. They put new life into me. It's very difficult for me to put into words the benefit I have gained through your Digestif Rennie—for anybody who suffers with the stomach they cannot be equalled.'
20th May, 1936. F. A. W., Manchester.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy; each one is individually wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size **6d.**, Family Size **1s. 9d.**

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MY Bitter-Sweet Revenge

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 9.

What I like to read most about the King

IT was our first trip under the new skipper, a particularly arrogant type of fellow, who continually ranted and roared at the entire crew, but picked upon me, the chief engineer, for his special victim.

Discovering that his one desire was to break the company's time record for the return trip, I determined to thwart him.

A few hours from port I faked a mechanical breakdown, delayed the vessel until the next tide, and lost the bully his record—only to discover on reaching home that my youngest son, taken suddenly ill, had died an hour or two before my arrival.—*Old Timer, Birmingham.*

Crippled

Its sweetness was short-lived—its bitterness is ever present. We were school kids then, enjoying a game of street cricket. A lamp-post was the wicket, a wall as long stop. . . .

My elder brother had just soundly and justly cuffed my ears, as older brothers will. He was batting; I was bowling, and the opportunity for revenge was irresistible. My next "ball" was a brick, and I bowled gleefully as he made a hefty swipe.

The bat split, and with a howl he dashed at me—blind to the lorry which saved me a thrashing by rendering my brother a cripple for life.—*No Ball, W.14.*

Ashamed

When a boy I had a squabble with a fellow Wolf Cub, and out of spite let his pet canary out of its cage. It flew to the top of a near-by tree, and my chum immediately clambered up the tree after it.

He fell on to the rockery and broke his thigh. I went to see him in hospital and felt thoroughly ashamed as I approached the bed. The first words he said to me were: "Jack, you can have my new bicycle now; I shan't want it any more."—*Sixer, Blandford.*

Explosion

The school captain had dropped me from the football XI just before our match for the final of the schools' shield.

In revenge I stole his acetylene cycle lamp. The first time I used it the lamp exploded while I was lighting it, burning my face and leaving a big scar.

Although that was nearly twenty years ago, I still carry the scar as a memento of my bitter-sweet revenge.—*A. R., Birmingham, 12.*

Fell Downstairs

My mother, who suffered from religious mania, forbade my visits to the pictures, a fact which compelled me to endure much taunting from my schoolfellows.

Smarting under the injustice I planned revenge. Borrowing a huge grotesque paper hat I stole downstairs late at night, placed it on my shoulders and, with the aid of tall stilts, peered into my mother's bedroom.

Wild with terror at the apparition, which her highly-strung mind imagined to be an evil spirit, she rushed from her bed and fell headlong down a flight of stairs, sustaining injuries from which she never completely recovered.—*Ebbie, Somerset.*

Overdid it

I once held a public appointment of a responsible nature. I was a teetotaler, and some while after I had married my wife began to taunt me with being unmanly.

I determined to show her what kind of man I really was. I would get drunk one night, come home and kick up an awful row. Deliberately I mixed my drinks; she should regret ever having laughed at me in scorn.

In my inexperience I overdid it; the police arrested me on my way home for being drunk and disorderly. As a result of my appearing before the magistrates I lost my post, and that was the start of my downhill slide.—*G. H. W., Bristol.*

Laughing Stock

Only two weeks before the day fixed for our wedding my *fiancé* broke off the engagement, saying he would never marry. He evaded my demands for an explanation, saying he had just altered his mind.

For revenge I flirted with any young man of the village, showing my old sweetheart's passionate letters to all and sundry, making him the laughing stock of everybody.

Two years later he died of a dread disease; his will left me all he possessed with his regretful love. Too late I realised the nobility of the man I had persecuted, who had preferred to keep the specialist's verdict to himself.—*Miss B., Purley.*

Prices Cut

After twenty-five years' faithful service to a big multiple firm I felt bitter at being sacked as too old. I determined on revenge. During my last week in the shop I told all the customers of my shabby treatment; then when I left I opened up near by in opposition.

My revenge for a few weeks was sweet; many old customers followed me; then the firm began to cut prices, with the result that I had to close down after losing all my capital.

Then came the bitter pill in the knowledge that the firm would have given me a pension for long service but for my attempt at revenge.—*B. H., Hastings.*

Crippled for Life

In the course of my work as a carpenter, I often used to put up temporary scaffolds, especially if our scaffolder was busy.

I knew that the firm was strict on the matter of safety of the scaffolding, and on one occasion when I had been in trouble with the foreman I thought I would get my revenge by erecting an unsafe scaffold, thinking that he would get into trouble.

My revenge was bitter to the extreme; that scaffold collapsed while I was on it, and I am crippled for life.—*W. T., Elmers End.*

Stupid Action

I asked the manager of our firm if I could take a day off as I had some important business to attend to. He promptly refused, leaving me feeling rather bitter towards him.

Three weeks later he asked me if I would stay a few hours overtime to complete some very urgent business. Here was my chance for revenge. I refused as promptly as he had. Next day I learned he was being removed to a branch firm, and had recommended me as being suitable to fill his position.

Through my stupid action he had cancelled the recommendation, and the post was given to another employee.—*J. C., Blackpool.*

Malicious Moment

While serving abroad in the British Army a jealous colleague, after giving false evidence involving me in serious trouble, deserted.

Two years later an old friend arriving with relief troops informed me that my former enemy was being married at a Warwickshire church the following week. In a malicious moment I sent the authorities full details.

The deserter was arrested at the wedding ceremony, but the bride, who collapsed on the altar steps, was my own sister, who unknown to her family had consented to the union after a brief courtship.—*Alardyce, Glos.*

Vain Efforts

The house the Baillie built me was "jerry" out and out—warping doors, rattling windows, loose tiles.

In revenge I opposed him at the municipal election, exposed him, and won his seat.

But public memory is short. Within two years he had obtained a lucrative contract to carry out a huge municipal housing scheme, a contract for which he would have been ineligible had he still been on the council, while I had resigned my seat owing to illness, directly due to my vain efforts to attend efficiently to both my own business and that of the municipality. — *Ex-Councillor, Lanarkshire.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Follow These!

THE lesson of the Derby is to follow Thankerton, Pay Up, Fearless Fox and Boswell. Backers of these horses may be well in at Ascot.

Thankerton's game display has prompted numerous enquiries concerning half-breds, as the North-country horse is not in the Stud Book. Half-breds are not bred in the purple, but otherwise they are O.K.

A well-bred Derby winner commands a stud fee of three or four hundred guineas; but the stock of a half-bred is not easily disposed of, and a Derby winner not in the Stud Book would be lucky to secure a fee of two hundred guineas.

Manchester and Windsor occupy the stage this week-end. Pegomas may take the cup at Castle Irwell.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

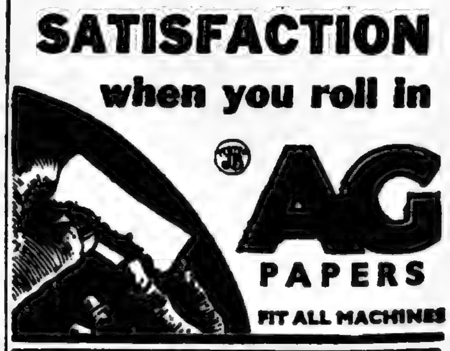
The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 4, to Wednesday, June 10.

P O 98 T F U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R
W A N 96 G Y 97 L H J I 95 E D K V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

L9398FOVA would read ZINGARO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KOD2U would read SAMMY.



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SATISFACTION
when you roll in
AG
PAPERS
FIT ALL MACHINES

WHAT EVERY WIFE SHOULD KNOW . . .
—not how to manage her husband, but how to manage her husband's hair! It's for her own good really. It was the pillows! That horrid greasy mark his head used to leave. It doesn't now, because he insists on Nufix, the non-gum, faultless hairdressing for men, which nourishes the growth, keeps the hair at efficiency point and doesn't leave the slightest grease on the pillows or cushions. Nufix is sold at Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers at 6d., 1/- and 1/6 per bottle. See page 39.

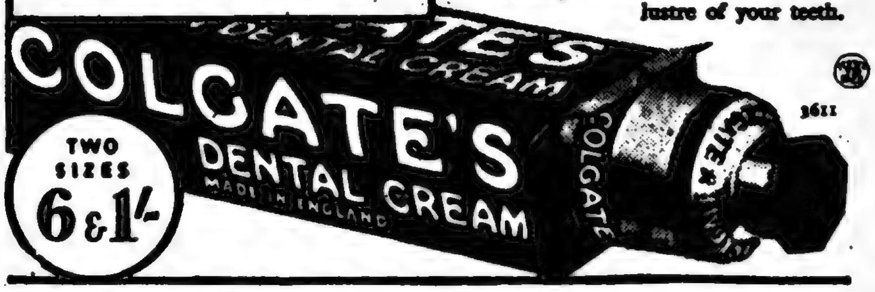
One Tube did it

FOR YOU TOO
CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH
or double your money back

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. It completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on teeth by the things you eat, drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices.

Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Teeth sparkle again. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.



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Let Brodie Mack Teach you at Home!

AT last—you are able to learn all branches of the black and white art under the supervision of this famous artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home. If you have an inclination for drawing Brodie Mack can develop your ability for this fascinating accomplishment. Thousands of pounds are paid every year for drawings for advertising, catalogues, pamphlets, books, comic strips, cartoons, etc. Successful artists are well paid—have the best of homes, have their own cars, and get the best out of life. Why remain a stick-in-the-mud? Get out of the rut now—this minute!

Make Money in Your Spare Time!

BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of you reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist. This free book offer is limited—the moment the last book goes you will be too late—we sincerely advise you to post the coupon along NOW!

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CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Blackheads, Insect Bites, or other skin troubles. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle today at your chemist.

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Banishes Skin Troubles

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Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

FILEY Smart 2-piece Summer style with Swagger Coat in printed check design Marocain, & dress in plain Art. Silk Marocain. Coat has bold machine-stitched collar, turn back cuffs, three loop button fastening in front, and pleated full swing back. The dress is daintily trimmed with check material yoke and sleeves, with plain bow in front. Skirt is in hip-panel style, fitted with check material belt, and slide. Shades: Navy, Brown, and Black. Sizes: S.W. and W Busts 34 to 38in Dress lengths: 46 to 50ins. 27/11
Terms 4/- Monthly.

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Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Swagger Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return.

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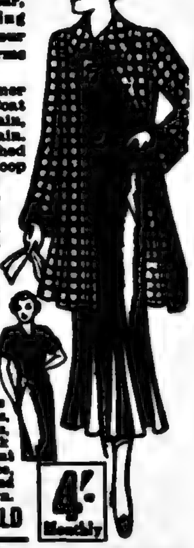

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For Bargains—See pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p.16

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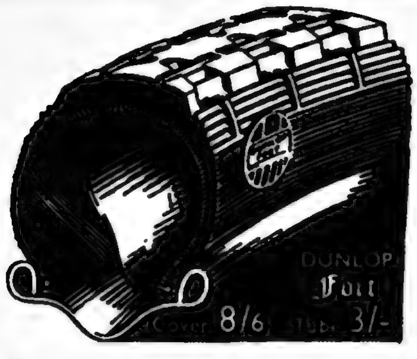

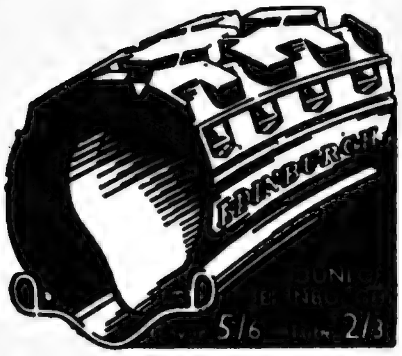

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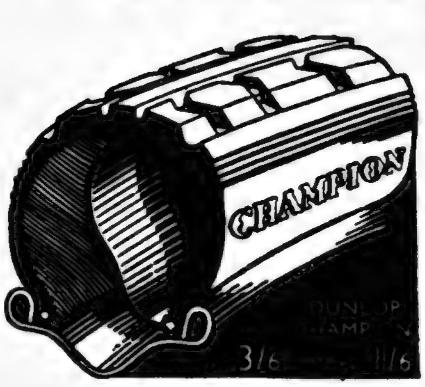

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GET THIS STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more—so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon *moisture* proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ball rooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1s. a box.

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The Season's most popular items of Ladies', Children's and Gent's Wear. All Money-Saving Bargains. Satisfaction or Money Back —— Guaranteed. ——

SEND ME FREE YOUR SPECIAL LIST of 'TYPICAL VALUES'
(This Coupon may be sent in unsealed envelope ½d. postage).

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No MORE GREY HAIR

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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5/2 NOW

The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

HIKER (Banstead).—"After eating some pastry, walking rather winded me." Ah! puff pastry!

HEALTH (Epping).—"Sleeping with the window open is good for insomnia." So is sleeping in any circumstances.

D. N. (Chelsea).—"I have just sent off a batch of designs for a new range of tweeds." Rough sketches, of course?

BARBER (Limehouse).—"I am taking a cruise in an old-fashioned sailing ship for my holiday this year." A clipper.

H. A. C. (Bermondsey).—"Great improvements are being made in our prisons nowadays." That's what prisoners are sent to them for.

THRIFTY (Hull).—"I can admire the fellow who paints his own house." Even though you can't always admire his painting.

BATSMAN (Richmond).—"During our first game I found I simply could not hit the ball even by going halfway down the pitch to meet it." You were stumped?

PUPIL (Dulwich).—"When I cheeked my form master he said nothing, but broke a cane over me." Nevertheless a snappy reply.

MRS. L. (Halstead).—"I understood the man to call me 'an old geyser,' so I told him what I thought of his manners." You let off steam?

M. S. (Dunstable).—"I want to earn enough in overtime to pay for having electricity put in my house." You'll have to wire in, then.

G. H. (Paignton).—"Myself and the rest of the hiking party waded through a bed of stinging nettles, and had to receive medical treatment." You were all rash.

B. E. C. (Wigtown).—"Cricket suffers to-day because the pitches are so much like billiard tables that bowlers can't make the ball turn." You mean they can't get a break.

ACCOUNTANT (Runcorn).—"I never see one of my staff bending over the ledgers without warning him of the danger of becoming round-shouldered." You give him a straight talking to.

S. M (Rye).—"Now is the time to be thinking of your summer creeper." The man with just a small plot, however, can generally do without the assistance of a jobbing gardener.

S. W. (Hove).—"An American scientist claims to have invented an apparatus by which he can cause rain to fall heavily within an hour." Another method is to mark out a tennis court.

F. M. (Taunton).—"One should try and help one's dentist as much as possible." When he finds it difficult to dislodge an obstinate molar the patient generally rises to the occasion.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"I like the convenience of your London stations, with the cab ranks alongside the RIVAL platforms."

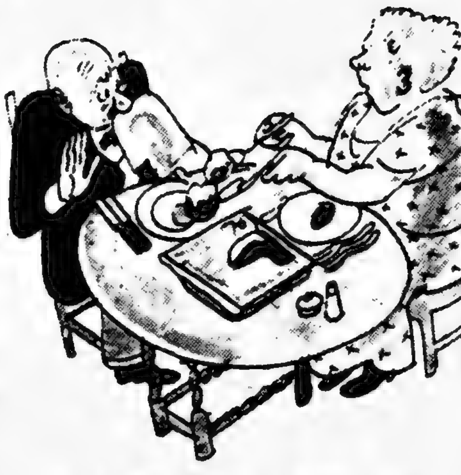
THE STAR:—"—— showed clever defensive tactics—his SITTING was the crisper of the two."

THE BRISTOL OBSERVER:—"I noticed that Pratt SWELLED strongly of drink."

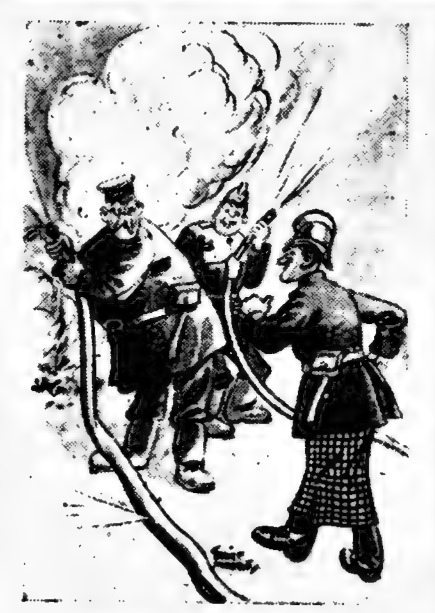
THE IRISH NEWS AND BELFAST MORNING NEWS:—"I would LIE to pay tribute to the way in which —— controlled the game."

LLANDUDNO CIRCULAR:—"Up to Sunday evening 200 more cars than last year had passed the toll gates, but with Monday's indifferent weather the figures DRIPPED slightly."

DAILY EXPRESS (Manchester):—"A new industry which is being developed at Dolgelley, will, it is hoped, find UNEMPLOYMENT for many.'



A. B. (Berkswell).—"The best of wives sometimes make mistakes." Yes, and husbands have to eat them.



"Well, you see, chief, I press my trousers under the mattress and I didn't like to wake the missus."
(From "The Passing Show".)

N. M. S. (Putney).—"What is there beyond the sea at the average British resort?" The pier and the horizon.

G. N. (Totnes).—"A modern servant should be discreet." And not spill anything when there are visitors?

H. A. (Poplar).—"Before finally giving him up as useless, I have apprenticed my son to a cobbler." That is a last chance.

G. N. (Twyford).—"All she has for breakfast is a lump of sugar." Does she call that a square meal?

K. L. (Boston).—"My wife always gets very annoyed if I happen to mention her bunion to anybody." It is a sore point with her.

B. H. (Boston).—"I have no hesitation in saying that the wasp is a useless insect and ought to be exterminated." Look out for a stinging reply.

G. L. (Ilford).—"I don't believe in polishing my shoes till I can see my face in them. I can't stand it." You mean your face?

AMATEUR GARDENER (Hornsey).—"I cannot account for the continual growth of weed among my flowers. How can I get to the root of this evil?" By digging.

NIBLICK (Westcliff).—"I was determined to move heaven and earth to do the course in forty." And at the end of the game there was only heaven to be moved?

HAPPY (Watford).—"When I won the tennis tournament I was awarded a pair of rabbits, a wireless set, and I became engaged to my partner." Game, set and match!

H. L. (Luton).—"From my experience in Australia, you can believe me when I tell you that a sheep-shearer has to have his wits about him." He has no time for wool-gathering.

M. B. (Clacton).—"The tennis umpire who is tolerant is always popular." Especially if he is generous to a fault?

F. H. (Highgate).—"I was in a sound sleep when he woke me." Perhaps he couldn't stand the sound.

B. K. (Portsmouth).—"The fatuousness of some American talkie directors makes one reel." And a whole film very often.

C. B. (Welling).—"Our bellringers never make a mistake." They know the ropes.

NURSE (Bromsgrove).—"The maternity ward will have to be made bigger." More additions?

G. S. (Clifton).—"Our milkman gives everyone an honest deal." He is square on his round?

AUTHOR (Oxford).—"I thrust my manuscript into the kitchen grate." So it was a pot-boiler, eh?

A. W. (Uxbridge).—"If puddles aren't a sign of bad road making, what are they a sign of?" Rain.

N. N. (Bristol).—"I should like to catch a daughter of mine barefoot in public." You'd give her socks?

C. J. G. (Notts).—"I have invested all of my money in a carpet business." In the hope of making a pile?

BAKER'S APPRENTICE (Norbury).—"The man I work for gets very wild whenever things go wrong." Crusty?

G. L. (Hampstead).—"Coconuts seem to be going out of favour in fairgrounds. We shall miss them." We always did.

GOLFER (Knebworth).—"I feel sure I have my mascot pipe to thank for winning the club tournament." The luck of the draw?

N. C. (Baldock).—"Neither insects nor birds will touch early lettuces if the plants are sprayed with a mixture of tar and quinine." Nor would we.

MISTRESS (Bath).—"I have asked all my friends if they can recommend a good domestic to me." You made a general enquiry.

T. H. G. (Lancaster).—"He holds his head high in the air, because his car knocks up ten miles an hour more than mine." He gives you the go by?

P. T. M. (Preston).—"Every Friday now I find myself envying the people who can go off for a holiday." *Your* day can be Friday, June 26, when our Joy Wire flashes to the winner of the £600 and Family Holiday Week offered on page 47. May we send it to you?

G. F. (Cheltenham).—"After sitting up all night trying to do a puzzle, I was pretty certain when dawn came that I should solve it." You began to see daylight.

G. V. (Elstree).—"I sent my manager an express letter telling him what I thought of him when I heard how he was treating me." You expressed your opinion!

G. H. (Crawley).—"A boxer's seconds should always back him up when he is relating his exploits." After each of his fights they are generally able to bear him out.

THINKER (Charlton).—"I contend that there is no intelligence of a very high order among the animals. What animal, for instance, would have the philosophy to laugh, instead of cry, over spilt milk?" A cat.

G. L. (Iver).—"The modern dentist uses electricity to a great extent." A new idea is to have the front door knob charged with a strong current so hesitating patients can't change their minds and let go.

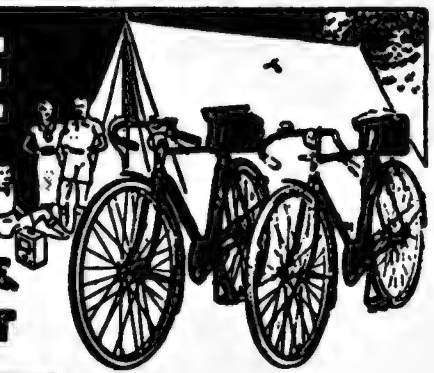
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

WHAT GIFT WOULD YOU LIKE?

—Pillowcase, Apron, or Fancy Bath-Towel?

EVERY woman welcomes new household linen. A choice of a number of useful articles is yours if you save your wrappers from bars of Preservene Soap. Fourteen wrappers and the special Coupon appearing in the Preservene announcement on page 35 will entitle you to one of these beautiful gifts free! This coupon is worth money to you, as without it 15 wrappers must be sent to qualify for your gift. Turn to p. 35 now and cut out the coupon for future use!

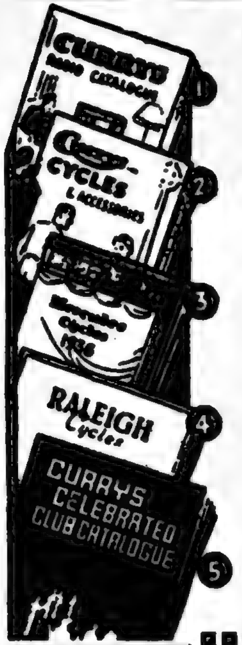
ENJOY LIFE
this summer with



CYCLES, RADIO & CAMP EQUIPMENT

from

Currys OVER 200 BRANCHES LTD.



CYCLES, NO DEPOSIT, from 1/6 WEEKLY
RADIO, 2/- DEPOSIT, from 2/- WEEKLY

With over 200 branches, Currys are the biggest Cycle and Radio Retailers in the world, and no other firm is able to give you such wide choice, low prices, generous terms, and service! A cycle from Currys can save you in fares more than its cost!

HERCULES Cycles from £3 : 19 : 9 cash, on terms—NO DEPOSIT and, from only 2/- weekly. RALEIGH Cycles from £4 : 19 : 6 cash, terms 5/- down, or from only 2/- weekly. CURRY Cycles from £3 : 12 : 6 cash and MEAD Cycles from £2 : 19 : 6 cash, on terms—NO DEPOSIT and from only 1/6 weekly.

CAMPING AND HIKING EQUIPMENT. Everything you need.

RADIO BARGAINS! ALL makes stocked. Exceptional reductions in price.

6 REFRIGERATOR WEEK JUNE 1-6 **REFRIGERATOR WEEK** at Currys from June 1st. Refrigerators from only 2/3 weekly.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED! Clothing and everything for the home and garden; sports goods, toys, electrical goods.

FREE CATALOGUES
SEND THIS COUPON NOW

FREE CATALOGUES.
Cross out the Nos. of the Catalogues you do **not** want.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

To CURRYS, LTD., Great West Road,
Brentford, Middlesex.

Name ....
(Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope)

Address ....

....

Would you like to become an Organiser of Currys' Clubs?

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CYCLE AND RADIO RETAILERS

GET STRONG QUICKLY!
Home Gym. in one Outfit

2
3
JU JITSU
6
1
4
5
MUSCLE COURSE
7

SPECIAL EXTRA-PRICE SMASHED!

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain.

NOW ONLY 15/- (or 1/- Deposit!)

for this famous £3 value. Complete Home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

- Three Strand Progressive Chest Expander.
- Wall Apparatus and Rowing Machine Attachment.
- Foot or Hand Stirrups, for legs, thighs, stomach, shoulders or arms.
- Complete Muscle-Building Course.
- Book on Ju-Jitsu. Secrets of Self-Defence.
- Two High-tensioned Grip Apparatus, builds powerful wrists and forearms.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Let us send you this whole wonderful Muscle Building Outfit, Courses, etc., to try at our risk for only 15s. If you're not satisfied within 10 days, just return the course and your money will be refunded. We will send it on C.O.D. if you like—just pay the postman a few pence extra for postage, or pay by instalments of 1/- per week until 17/6 is paid in full.

SEND COUPON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

Gym. Supplies, Sales Dept., A14,
Broadway, London, W.6.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose 15/- (or 1/- as first payment) for your complete Muscle Building Outfit and Courses, and in accordance with your GUARANTEE if I'm not satisfied you will refund my money in full.

Name..

Address..

.... 6/6/36

Look your loveliest *Feel your* fittest
get slim now!

Even a few pounds "over-weight" will make you slow and tired, spoil the effect of your smartest frocks and handicap you in every way. Don't let fatness ruin your pleasures and prospects. Get rid of it right away—by taking Beechams Brand Pills.

Thousands of fashionable women follow this easy, inexpensive method, because it is so gentle and health-giving — never drastic and risky like strict dieting and ordinary drug treatments.

Beechams Pills are harmless, easy to take and non-griping. They "dissolve" your fat and clear your complexion by purifying your blood. Try them: You'll feel more fit in every way.

BEECHAMS BRAND PILLS

Purely Vegetable Sold Everywhere

Worth a Guinea a Box
TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
Insist on the genuine

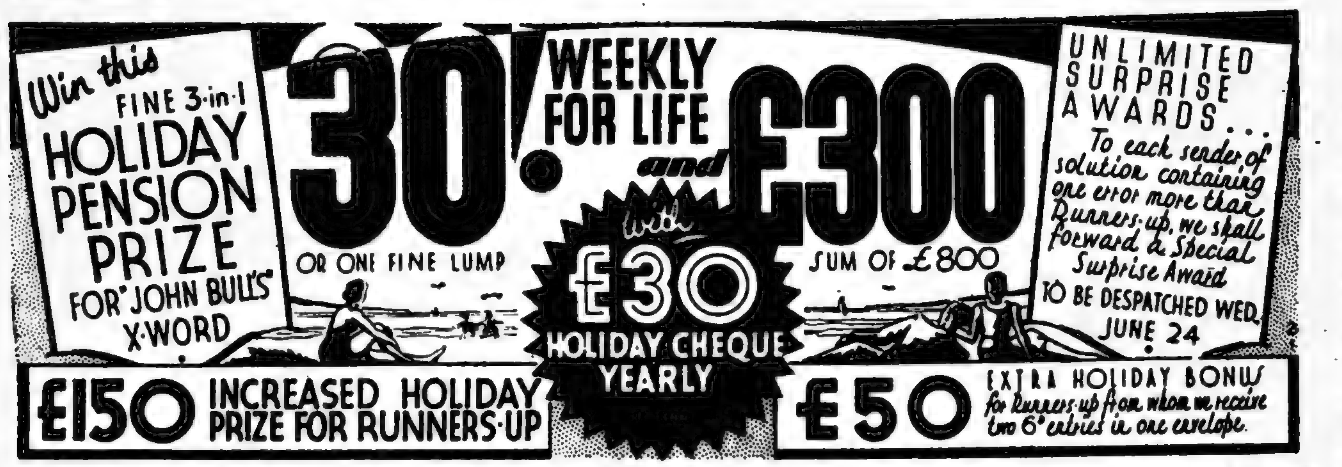
HIMROD'S CURE

A pleasant punch in every pinch

TOP MILL SNUFF

S.P. No. 1 MENTHOL
Dr CRAIGS Etc.
In handy pocket tins 2

J. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD


Win this FINE 3-in-1 HOLIDAY PENSION PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD
30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
and £300
OR ONE FINE LUMP SUM OF £800
with £30 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS...
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award
TO BE DESPATCHED WED. JUNE 24
£150 INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP
£50 EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS for Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in one envelope.

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

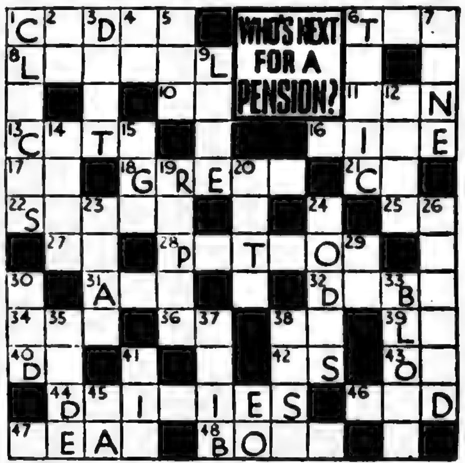
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 25, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

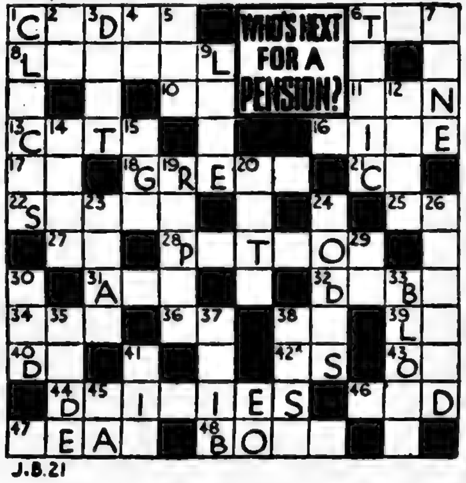
Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RECORD PENSION OFFER OF 1936 NEXT WEEK!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 21. Closing FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1936.



J.B.21



J.B.21

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value......... No..............................

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED ....

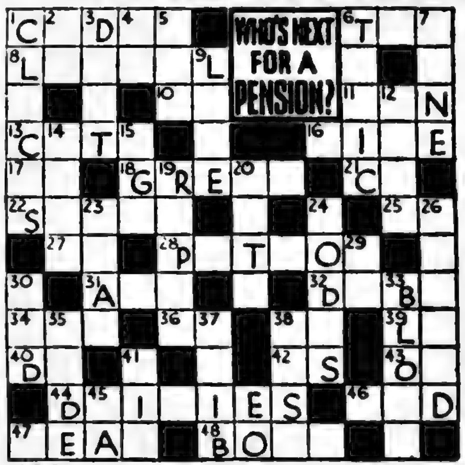
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 21. Closing FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1936.



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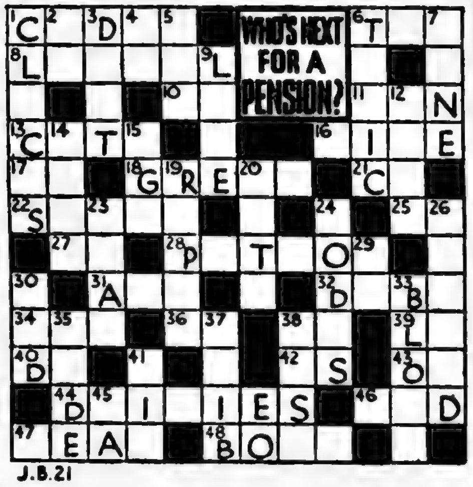

J.B.21

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value......... No..............................

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 21, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help. FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name ....

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AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

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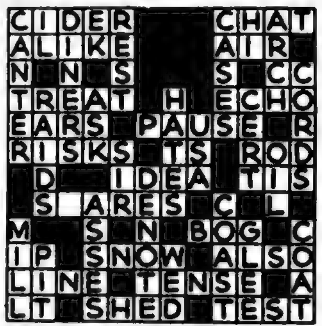


J.B.18

X-WORD No. 18

WINNERS ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors using the words SCARES or SHARES were regarded as having submitted apt and accurate Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 18 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. He's learning to be officer
6. Something not easy to raise
8. Evergreen used for wreaths
10. Starts aiding in vain
11. Woman who's taken the veil
13. Clever
16. Workless man's need in winter is usually this
17. How knowledge begins
18. Helps many into hole
21. Both ends of coping
22. Where actor plays his part
25. In temper and female
27. End of food in lodgings
28. Motorist occasionally sees on the road
31. Must be considered when publican stocks cellar
32. Small flat fishes
34. This is up your sleeve
36. Extremities of logic
38. How aeroplane starts
39. Half full in college
40. First note of scale
42. Pounds and shillings
43. Middle part of poem
44. Many picnickers take these home with them
46. What this weighs is important to fisherman
47. Need for economy means less use of this in kitchen
48. What average workman gets more often nowadays

CLUES DOWN

1. These often actuate switches
2. Automobile Association
3. By which tears are often brought to one's eyes
4. In peril and danger
5. It's twopence up now
6. Most fitting one is that specially made up for you
7. Taking one from 10 leaves this
9. This in the soil helps your plants
12. Chop ends off sturgeon
14. Preposition meaning "to"
15. What hen cackles over
19. Drive back
20. Glutton does, greedily
23. Took apple from wife
24. Often used to hide figures
26. Led astray
29. Stop half-way through lane
30. Swindled victim of confidence trickster feels this
33. Healthiest kind of this is the best
35. Travelled on horseback or cycle
37. Where baby sleeps
38. Too
41. Is hard on a sensitive pony
45. All but the middle of Asia

FIRST PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT IN X-WORD NO. 18—SEE PAGE 45

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, June 12.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 25. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 30, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

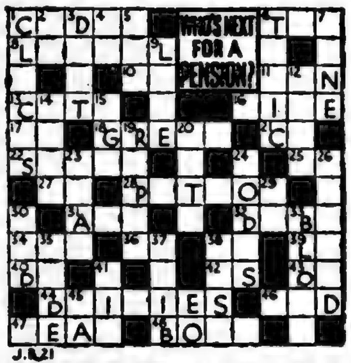
4.—Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

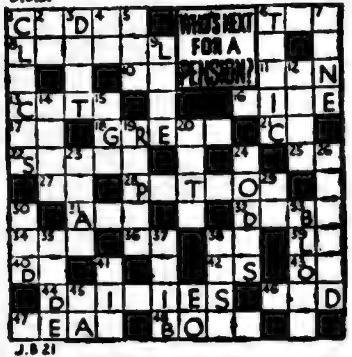
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.



J.B.21

WHO'S NEXT FOR A PENSION?

J.B.21



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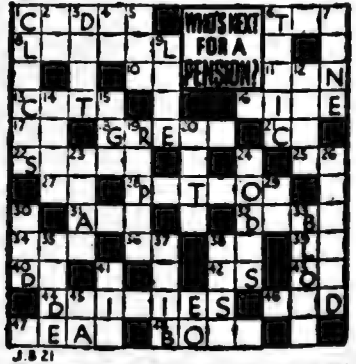


J.B.21

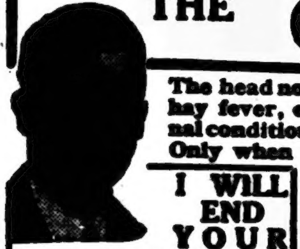
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

YOU CAN BE FREE FROM

CATARRH

HEAD NOISES, HAY FEVER and CATARRHAL DEAFNESS,

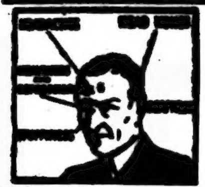
FOR GOOD—*ONLY* WHEN YOU TREAT THE CAUSE AND NOT A DAY BEFORE



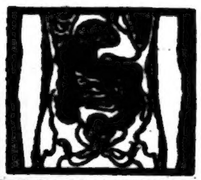
The head noises, catarrhal deafness, stuffiness, thick speech hay fever, etc., are ONLY SYMPTOMS of a serious internal condition. The ROOTS of Catarrh LIE IN THE COLON. Only when you treat the CAUSE and the effects as I did, will your Catarrh GO FOR GOOD. 100,000 other sufferers have proved to be right. Now here is YOUR opportunity. Read below how YOU can do it yourself at home.

I WILL END YOUR CATARRH FOR EVER OR IT SHALL NOT COST YOU 1D.

The most remarkable health offer ever made—under PUBLIC GUARANTEE.



THE HEAD EFFECTS OF CATARRH are really symptoms of a serious and often dangerous internal condition. See below.



THE CAUSE OF CATARRH lies in the colon where the waste matter of the body collects. Only a treatment which cleans the germs from the colon can end Catarrh FOR GOOD.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:—

"There is, however, a way to banish catarrh, and that is Mr. Allan Cooper's remedy."
—Sunday Mercury.

What does a doctor do? He judges from your symptoms the cause of your troubles. That is the only way he can hope to put you right. Why was the X-ray hailed as a great blessing to mankind? Because it revealed the cause of many ailments that had been difficult to understand. There is little hope of any cure of any disease unless the cause is known. And there is little hope of your ever being free from Catarrh until you know and treat the root cause. When your tongue is furred you do not wash it; you take some medicine, and your tongue clears naturally. In the same way the head effects of Catarrh are only symptoms. The germ that causes the trouble is breeding rapidly deep down in the colon, infecting the system, giving you constipation, indigestion, flatulence, nausea, loss of appetite, and finally reaching the head. Then you get nasal congestion, restricted breathing, headaches, depression, irritability, stuffiness, and you say you have Catarrh. Stop and ask yourself if this does not compare with your experience. I know it does. I suffered just as you are suffering now. I had chronic Catarrh. But when I found and treated the cause, the effects went magically.

I became a different man, clear-eyed, active, able to forge ahead in my business life, to enjoy my social life, and to take my place in normal, healthy society, without shrinking or self-consciousness.

This same treatment that ended my Catarrh I offer you now. Over 100,000 sufferers have reported complete success after using it. You can do the same. Act now in time to escape the miseries of hay fever, and in time to check the spread of Catarrh. All these troubles respond most readily to treatment now.

I do not believe in Free Samples. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.
ALLAN COOPER.

Tear out this announcement and write your name and address in margin and post for the PERSONAL ATTENTION OF MR. ALLAN COOPER, 69, Strand, London, W.C.2, and I will send you free of all charge my specially written booklet — "How to End Your Catarrh for Good." It gives you full information and tells you how, in the privacy of your own home, you can treat yourself and end Catarrh for good and all. It costs you nothing to do this, and, further, you have my guarantee printed in black and white beside my photograph which appears above. You have nothing to lose, and you alone know what you have to gain.

NOTE.—If you prefer not to mutilate your copy of this journal, send your name and address, mentioning JOHN BULL. If you care to enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover postage it will be appreciated, but this is not essential.

John Bull 6/6/36.

NOT A DAY GOES BY BUT SOMEBODY IS BROUGHT TO THE OPERATING TABLE *through the dangers of "DIRT"*

Doctors and nurses see hundreds and hundreds of instances of the dreadful results of failing to guard against the dangers of dirt. Dirt is everywhere, and wherever there's dirt disease germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in lowered state of health.

WHEREVER THERE'S DIRT, DISEASE GERMS MAY BREED AND BRING THESE DANGERS

CUTS AND SCRATCHES CLEANSED WITH FAMILY HEALTH

"As a miner I am constantly receiving cuts and scratches, and I find a thorough cleansing with Family Health and these cuts never go the wrong way, that is fester and become poisonous."
Testimonial No. 7920.

BAD LEG FOR YEARS

"All the bathing which I have done for years did not do it the good as since I have used your Family Health Soap."
Testimonial No. 8543.

"SIMPLY WASHED REGULARLY WITH YOUR SOAP"

"A few years ago one of the lads had an accident, caused through some bricks falling on his leg. He had a nasty wound. It was simply washed regularly with your soap and in a very short time it healed."
Testimonial No. 6826.

DOCTORS SAY—

"DO AWAY WITH DIRT and BE SAFE"

These stories prove that you are running terrible risks—and allowing others in your home to run them too—if you don't make a habit of washing with Family Health. Family Health is a perfect safeguard; it takes right out of existence the dirt which breeds disease germs.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP PROTECTS AGAINST THE DANGERS OF DIRT INFECTION

2½d PER TABLET
TWO TABLET CARTON 5d
ALSO [illegible] TABLET 3d
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Pension, £500 and Millionaire's Week-End
Won in Crosswords No. 18.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 18, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by—

MRS. C. HARRISON, 144, HUNTINGTON ROAD, YORK,

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive a Pension of £6 Monthly for Life, £500 in cash and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two, or a lump sum of 750 Guineas cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up and the Surprise Awards. The Runners-up Prize has been divided between 16 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £6 5s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received more than one sixpenny coupon in same envelope.

A New Surprise Award for each of 103 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted on June 3.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 16.

Nineteen competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of £2 12s. 8d. have been despatched.

UNSIGHTLY HAIRS...

...Kill Romance

Nothing destroys a woman's charm in the eyes of a man so much as ugly superfluous hair. Yet no woman dare use a razor, because it simply makes the hair grow faster, and all depilatory pastes hitherto known have been evil smelling and dangerous. Now Science has discovered a perfumed toilet cream called New Veet which ends unwanted hair in 3 minutes. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. The hair simply falls away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface. New Veet is just like a sweetly scented toilet cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

AN OPERATION WHICH MIDDLE AGED MEN MAY AVOID

WHEN men pass middle age, there is a tendency for the Bladder and Kidneys not to function normally with consequent inconvenience, pain and fear of operation.

External treatments, massage, etc., are mere palliatives which leave the cause of the trouble intact. Internal treatment alone is capable of removing the congestion. Recent medical research has resulted in the discovery of a new method known as the Magnogene treatment, which goes right to the root of the trouble. Scientific experiments have proved that the Magnogene treatment reduces the inflammation; the pain and burning sensation gradually becomes less. **The effect of the Magnogene treatment is further shown by a distinct improvement in the general health.**

Mr. M. C. P. writes: "Since taking the Magnogene treatment I have had no further bladder troubles. I sleep throughout the night without needing to rise. I am almost 70 *years of age and do not feel to be getting old."*

The report of a paper read to the French Academy of Medicine describing the effects and results of this new treatment will be sent free of charge to those who are interested, on application to the Magnogene Laboratories (Dept. J.B.1), 15, Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.

RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING

"Urace brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse ...., Chesterfield. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

How to Fix False Teeth

Loose and slipping plates can be made to hold with complete firmness and comfort—all day long—by lightly sprinkling the plates with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of chemists everywhere.

Help Kidneys
Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

"JOHN BULL"

FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

1936.

Here are some of the principal Benefits offered by "John Bull" under its 1936 Scheme to registered readers.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper to provide benefits for Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

FIRE.

Material Damage	up to £1,000
Death	" £500
Personal Injury	" £250
Rent during reinstatement (up to 26 weeks)	" £2 per week

BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING.

Death by Violence	up to £1,000
Personal Injury	" £500
Material Loss	" £200

OTHER HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

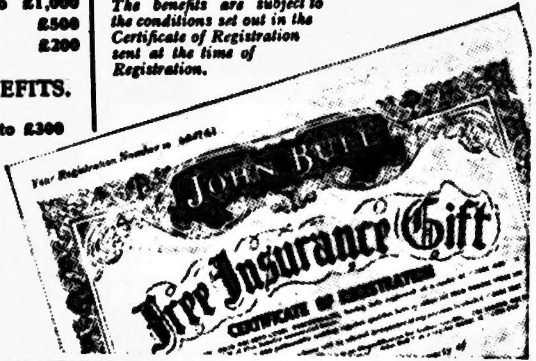
Loss by Storm, Tempest or Flood	up to £300
Loss by Lightning or Thunderbolt	up to £300
Loss caused by Aeroplanes, Airships or other Aerial Craft	" £300
Loss by Explosion of Gas or Domestic Boiler	" £100
Loss by Bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Water Heating Apparatus	" £100

WIRELESS DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING	up to £10
SPORTS ACCIDENTS	" £500
BOATING AND BATHING	" £200
HOME ACCIDENTS	" £100
SICKNESS BENEFITS	" £6 6 0
CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS	£2

ONLY CHILD OF A WIDOW—ADDITIONAL PROTECTION FOR WIDOWS.

One Registration covers Husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

The benefits are subject to the conditions set out in the Certificate of Registration sent at the time of Registration.


JOHN BULL
Free Insurance Gift
CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION

★ FILL IN THE REGISTRATION FORMS BELOW TO-DAY. ★

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)..........

Address..........

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..........

Address..........

....

.... Date..........

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6/6/36.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Registration Form.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..........

Address..........

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..........

....

.... Date..........

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B 6/6/36.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16¾ x 10 x 9½in.

5/- Monthly

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped 3-valve low-consumption Radio Outfit removes every obstacle that has been standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly. £4.17.6

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

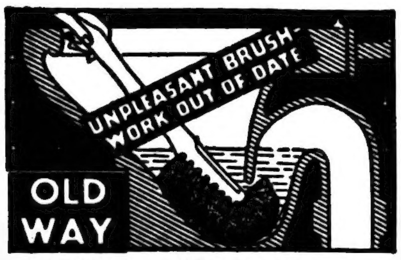
Mr. G. D. of Dalmuir, writes:—"The S-3 Battery Set has been fitted up and running since Tuesday night, and I may say it is extraordinary wonderful at stations—Vienna, Brussels, Paris, London, etc.—all quite loud and clear. It is indeed a wonderful Set inasmuch as I only use a small inside Aerial and Earth."

Mr. V. S. of Dawley, writes:—"The Wireless Set, S-3 model is a splendid job of work only to be seen & heard to advertise itself."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

How do you clean it?


UNPLEASANT BRUSH-WORK OUT OF DATE
OLD WAY

Lavatory-pan scrubbing is unpleasant and unhealthy. Moreover, no brush can ever reach round that hidden bend in the pipe.

HARPIC
NEW WAY

Just a sprinkle of Harpic keeps your lavatory-pan spotlessly white and sanitary — free from odours. It cleans right round the bend in the pipe. It's a powerful disinfectant, too. You don't need dangerous acids. Use Harpic, in NEW EASY-FLOW TIN — 6d., 1/-, 1/9.

JUST A SPRINKLE OF HARPIC THAT'S ALL IT NEEDS

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LON

"WELL DONE!"

said £500 Winner's Employer

Bullets Fortune for Kinema Operator

It is less than a month since the commissionaire at the Empire Theatre, Preston, stepped into the limelight by capturing a big *Bullets* First Prize. Now the assistant kinema operator at the Croydon Hippodrome has followed him to the top of the prize-list! This is our 1,028th First Prize-winner—Mr. C. Hendrick, 42, Prince Road, South Norwood.

When I called at the Hippodrome to congratulate this winner of £500 and five £5 Birthday Cheques, a JOHN BULL man reports, I found that the manager, Mr. Kaye, had not heard about his employee's huge success.

"Well, I am glad," were Mr. Kaye's words. "Hendrick has been in this business for eleven years. He is a quiet young chap and a good worker. Let's have him down: I'd like to know how he made all that money!"

"Congratulations, young man!" said Mr. Kaye as he shook hands with his twenty-nine-year-old operator. "Now before I give you some good advice about taking care of your money, tell me how you won it!"

"It was with a *Bullet*," Mr. Hendrick told his employer, "The actual words were: 'TRUST ME!' — BALDWIN'S *Other* FAMOUS 'PIPE.'"

"Pretty good," chuckled Mr. Kaye. "How did you think that out?"

As soon as he saw that *Example*, the winner explained, he thought of the Prime Minister. It seemed obvious to introduce Mr. Baldwin's famous pipe, but he knew that the subject had already been touched upon in the brilliant *Bullet* BALDWIN'S PROBLEM — WHERE WIFE HIDES MATCHES. He realised, he said, that this did not matter so long as he presented the idea in a fresh way. And once he had hit on that use of "pipe," his effort was made.

"It is five years," Mr. Hendrick went on to tell us, "since my mother advised me to take up *Bullets*. At first I could not understand them at all, so I sent for a supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, and studied it for three months before making an entry.

"My first entry brought me a 'Target,'" he continued, "and I have never missed a Contest since. I never send in more than two coupons, but I have two Certificates of Merit for £2 10s. awards at home, as well as a *Bullets* Radio.

"Altogether I have a lot to thank JOHN BULL for," said Mr. Hendrick. "Its Competitions have provided us with our Christmas dinners for the last three years. Summer holidays have also been made possible either through *Bullets* or JOHN BULL'S Crosswords.

"As for my big First Prize it will make many people happy," he said in conclusion. "My biggest prizes are my wife and three children and I can assure you that the money will be well spent."

* * *

Think what good uses you could find for a fortune of £600—and what a glorious celebration you and your family could enjoy with a Holiday Week at JOHN BULL'S expense! Then turn to the *Examples* opposite and begin on your *Bullets* for this week's magnificent 2-in-1 Holiday prize-list!

HERE'S YOUR HOLIDAY SUIT-CASE

For contents, see next week's offer

STUDY THE WINNERS AND SCORE YOURSELF!

The big winners in our 1,029th Contest are not due to appear on this page until next week. Meanwhile, so that you may have some winning styles before you when making your efforts for this week's seasonable big offer of fine Holiday Cheques, we recall here for your guidance a selection of First Prize *Bullets*.

All these neat winners have headed a *Bullets* prize-list this year. Notice how clearly the meaning of each effort is expressed and how closely it is linked with the selected *Example*.

Tackle the fascinating job of making *Bullets* along the same common-sense lines and this week's increased First Prize of £600 with a Family Holiday Week may well be your reward.

GIANT DESPAIR
CAN'T REACH "UPLIFTED CHIN."

GREEN LEAVES
INCREASE "SHADOW OVER ROADS."

IN A STRANGE LAND
BABY—SEE MOTHER ISN'T!

VOICE OF SPRING
"HYMN" REPROACHING INTERNATIONAL "HATE."

WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER
SLUMS, NATION'S *With* "AGGRESSOR."

MANKIND'S FAILING
And STRENGTH, "GRASPING HANDS."

TO ME
CAME "LIGHT"—GOING LIGHTER.

ONE WAY OUT
OF "SHADOW," *Into* CHURCH.

IN RAGS
SMARTING—"SMART MAN WANTED."

FATHER'S SOLO
MIGHTY LIKE A *Crow's*!

FOR THE SAKE OF THE REST
MAKE ROADHOG'S "BED" *Harder*!

WONDERFUL WIFE
"SUCCEEDING" WITHOUT "DETHRONING" MOTHER.

YOUR GUIDE TO THE PRIZE-LIST

"Ever since I started entering *Bullets* five years ago I have never missed a week—and I have taken *Bullets Bulletin* all the time. Previous to my First Prize, I have won two awards of £2 10s., and altogether 135 prizes."

That, he told JOHN BULL, is the splendid *Bullets* history of Mr. C. Hendrick, our 1,028th First Prize-winner, whose story appears above. "I can therefore claim," he continued, "to be one of the many competitors who owe their successes to the help of that invaluable little paper."

Published solely to help would-be winners in our Contests, *Bullets Bulletin*, together with JOHN BULL'S invaluable *Crossword Gazette*, can be yours at the mere cost of its ½d. postage. Filled with encouraging hints, constructive criticisms and the latest news of big winners, you will find *Bullets Bulletin* an indispensable guide to success in the King of Competitions.

As a regular reader, moreover, you will receive each week an opportunity to enter for an attractive £30 Judging Contest, as well as a free addressed envelope for your entry. Fill up now the Easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page and enclose it with your entry for this week's magnificent Offer of 2-in-1 *Bullets* Holiday Prizes.

17 JUL 36

INCREASED 2·IN·1 HOLIDAY FIRST . . .

£600 Cash plus SEASIDE HOLIDAY WEEK FOR WINNER and FAMILY

"John Bull" will provide First-class travel to destination for two adults and up to two children, together with luxurious accommodation and use of car with chauffeur throughout stay

. . . and 50 OTHER FINE DOUBLE "BULLETS" PRIZES!

£50 PLUS BONUS · £25 PLUS BONUS · £20 PLUS BONUS · £15 PLUS BONUS · £10 PLUS BONUS · £9.10 PLUS BONUS · £9 PLUS BONUS · £8.10 PLUS BONUS · £8 PLUS BONUS · £7.10 PLUS BONUS

£7 PLUS BONUS · £6.10 PLUS BONUS · £6 PLUS BONUS · £5.10 PLUS BONUS · £5 PLUS BONUS · £4.10 PLUS BONUS · £4 PLUS BONUS · £3.10 PLUS BONUS · £3 PLUS BONUS · £2.10 PLUS BONUS

30 PRIZES OF 30/- EACH PLUS BONUS

500 of 2/6 . . 4,000 "DOUBLE · STAR TARGETS" . . 6,000 "STAR TARGETS"

This Week Only

WITH EACH PRIZE OF 30/- UP TO £50 GOES A
HOLIDAY BONUS VALUE OVER £2·10s
CONSISTING OF A 12·MONTHS' SEASON TICKET FOR 'BULLETS'

ENJOY A FAMILY HOLIDAY AT "JOHN BULL'S" EXPENSE!

HERE is another magnificent one-week offer of *Bullets* Holiday Prizes, bringing you scores of opportunities to secure the cash you need for a care-free holiday this summer.

Enter the best *Bullet* of the week and on Friday, June 26, you will receive a golden Joy Wire with John Bull's congratulations on capturing a First Prize cheque increased to £600. And, in addition to this fine fortune, your First Prize entitles you also to the privilege of a Family Holiday Week at any British seaside or other holiday resort, with first-class travel and all the fun of a glorious Joy Week at John Bull's expense! Think what an unforgettable celebration of your £600 triumph this would be, with luxurious accommodation and a car with chauffeur at your constant disposal. Then make up your mind that the few well-chosen words that will win this grand 2-in-1 Holiday First will come from you.

Follow the simple instructions below and you will see that it is well within your powers to produce a Holiday Prize *Bullet*. But you must tackle the fascinating job without delay.

THE WAY TO WIN

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, remember that each must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, closely linked to an *Example*.

The best way to find ideas is from the *Examples* themselves and this method has the advantage of helping you to secure the close fit between effort and *Example* which is essential to success.

So consider each *Example* carefully and make rough notes of all the ideas any of them suggest to your mind. You have then to improve the phrasing of these first jottings.

Suppose, for instance, you had read through the list of *Examples* until you had paused at Under The Same Roof. Down might go as your rough note, *Nations, But With Varying Outlooks*. Keeping to the metaphor of the *Example*, you could soon produce from this the finished *Bullet*, Under The Same Roof—Humanity, But "Windows" Differ.

To help you further, before starting on your own efforts, study the list of previous winners specially reproduced for your benefit on the opposite page. Then go ahead with your efforts, making sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, June 13.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

MAN OF THE MOMENT
NATURE'S PROGRAMME
MRS. GRUNDY
ANGRY FARMER
FIRST HOME
ON THE SANDS
UNDER THE SAME ROOF
NAILED DOWN
ONLY DRAWBACK
FATHER'S BATTING, SO
NO THRILL
"STOP, THIEF!"
BACK TO FRONT
ON LANDING
FLYING FLEA
UPSET THE SPEED COP
SEASIDE SENSATION
HOPE
BY THE SWORD
PEARLS BEFORE SWINE
UNDER HIS NOSE
BLACK
WHEN THE CHARABANC STOPPED
WON BY WAITING
AT HIS WORST
MISSED A LOT
INNOCENT CHILD
PHOTOGRAPHS
CURSING HIS FOLLY
THAT RASCAL CUPID
LANDLADY'S VIEW
QUIET COVE
WEEPING AND WAILING
GETS US NOWHERE
MODEL VILLAGE
IN FLAMES

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEW

SERVICE FOR 'BULLETIN' READERS

Your *Bulletin* reservation, made on this coupon, brings not only 48 pages of help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, but a

FREE ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

for you each week.

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(1,032)
Closing SAT., June 13.

P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(1,032)
Closing SAT., June 13.

P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....
Address ....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(1,032)
Closing SAT., June 13.

P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....
Address ....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(1,032)
Closing SAT., June 13.

P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....
Address ....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,028 will be displayed in the window of The Selhurst Newsagency, 22, Selhurst Road, London, S.E.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,032 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,032, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Elasto
Remedy
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD.
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food.

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health !

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood !

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds !

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell-building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *No drugs; no adhesive bandages; Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

Take Elasto for:-

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

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The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
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COUPON

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